

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1878.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER V.

A SUDDEN SMILE.

LONDON in November ought to be peopled with lovers, for there is nothing that can make a person really indifferent to the depressing effect of an atmosphere of condensed gloom but the carrying about with him the curious exaltation of brain and happy or unhappy unrest of heart which belong exclusively to the condition commonly called being in love. It may be agony, or it may be ecstasy, but it is a specific against caring for the weather all the same. Wynyard Anstice reaped the benefit of this immunity the day after his interview with Alma, and went about his business in the fog and rain with such perfect unconsciousness of the state of the atmosphere that it was well nothing better was wasted upon him. He was not exactly pre-occupied, he went through his day's work just as usual, took notes of an intricate case in a law-court with even greater apprehension of the bearing of the evidence than ordinarily came to him; chatted with some friends, and threw out suggestions for an article in a journal to which he and they contributed, with more than his usual vivacity and readiness. No one who came near him had the slightest reason to complain of absence of mind in him, but they would have been very much

surprised if they could have looked through the surface thoughts and words, which all matched quite well with the things they were busied about, to the under consciousness that lay beneath, and in some strange way vivified and glorified all. He would have been astonished himself, for this consciousness of Alma which accompanied him all day, wiping out the fog from the sky and filling noisy law-courts and dusty newspaper offices with a curious vividness of life and interest not naturally belonging to them, was something too airy to be put into words, or even into those full-born thoughts already half-clothed with words, which throng the outer courts of the mind. It made itself known through the busy hours only as a luminous presence waiting outside a secret door of the soul, to be let in by and by, and meanwhile illuminating the whole house by the rays that streamed through the chinks and fell everywhere.

There was a little impatience, perhaps, as the day wore on, for the hour to come when the secret door might be opened, yet when at length Wynyard had parted from his last client and was on his way home, a strange reluctance to enter upon the pleasure he had been promising himself all day came over him. Through his cold, rainy walk to his chambers he kept himself warm, not by thinking on the subject that had been keeping his

heart beating to a quicker tune all day, but by planning how he would soon allow himself to begin to think about it. How by and by, when he was quite alone, he would open that door in his memory and let Alma come through, and again hear her say every word she had said last night, and see for an instant the quick rain of tears veil the dearest and loveliest face in the world, and feel over again the strong pain and joy the shock of that sight had given him; yes, and find out all the meaning there was in it, and count all the good reasons for continuing to love her and to hope to win her that might be wrung out of her kind looks and her indifferent words, and the warm, true tears that could only have sprung from a loving woman's heart. Perhaps it was that part of the prospect which had sown the seeds of reluctance amid his eagerness; a little cold dread threatened to kill all his delight, lest a second, or a third, or a thousandth's going over of what had passed should point to the conclusion that nothing new had happened, and that Alma's looks and words and display of feeling had nothing essentially different in them from what he had seen often, and as often been disappointed in, when the immediate charm of presence had been removed by a little space of time. Never mind, last evening had at all events been a turning-point; he had resolved to hope, and his determination should remain, however little he could justify it to his reason. Had he not been experiencing all day what a difference to his daily drudging this permission to hope made? The question brought him to the door of his abode and occupied his thoughts while he shook the wet from his umbrella and mounted two flights of stairs to the floor where his chambers lay. He was a popular man, whose friendships and acquaintances branched up and down into various grades of society, and he had had quite a fight to evade invitations that would have given him the choice of several oddly

different occupations for his evening. He almost felt as if he had broken away from all his acquaintance to keep an appointment with Alma, and that when he entered his room he should find her seated in one of his two armchairs by the fire, ready to talk to him. His first glance round the place brought a startling half-realisation of his fancy. The gas was burning brightly, the table was spread, with signs of some one having lately made a meal there, and the most comfortable of the armchairs was wheeled just in front of the fire, with its back to the door, so that nothing was seen of its occupant but a glimpse of a head of light hair seen above its high back. Wynyard stood staring for a minute like a person in a dream, and then burst out laughing, while a young man leisurely picked himself up from the depths of the chair, where he had ensconced himself, and came forward, showing a face and figure that had just so much likeness to Wynyard's as would have made a stranger set him down at first sight for a younger brother.

"You expected to see me, old fellow, didn't you?" he said, holding out his hand.

"When I perceived that some one had eaten up my dinner, of course I did. The empty table was enough to make me think of you, as it used at Eton when I came in from cricket and found all my bread-and-butter devoured; I knew you had been there."

"Well, I had nothing else to do, and I was hungry; so when your old Mrs. Gamp looked in and began to poke about, I told her I thought she had better bring in the dinner at once, and I'd keep it hot for you."

"Which you appear to have done admirably, in old Eton fashion."

"Not so bad; there is a bit of juicy steak and a hot potato down by the fire, and I sent out for a second pot of porter, which you'd never have thought of doing for me."

"You would always have taken care of yourself first."

"Come, now, don't be crusty, and make a fellow out to be more selfish than he knows he is. Sit still, if you are tired, and I'll fag for you; it won't be the first time by a hundred. You shall have your dinner before you in a minute, hot, and a steak that is worth eating, I can tell you; a great deal better than anything I ever get now."

"Except when you steal it, you deeply-to-be-pitied martyr to state dinners."

"Well, sit down; I've a lot of things to tell you that you'll like to hear; but get your dinner first, and then we'll talk. I don't believe you have half such a tiring life after all as mine. You look as fresh as possible, and when I got here after hunting about after you all day I was so done up, with the beastly weather and all, that if it had not been for the beef-steak and porter coming handy, you might have found a corpse on the hearthrug, and had to stand a trial for conspiring with Sairey Gamp to murder your cousin. To hear of my demise, by the way, would be nuts to somebody in Eccleston Square, and lead up—in how short a time, I wonder!—to another wedding-breakfast there."

"I dislike that kind of nonsense," said Wynyard, so sharply that Lord Anstice, who was lifting the hot dish from before the fire, put it down again with a clatter, to shrug his shoulders.

"So bad as that, is it?" he exclaimed. "Well, I am warned; I won't approach that topic again, unless with a face a yard long. But there, now, eat; and if that steak don't put you into a good enough humour to talk about anything, I should say your case was a very serious one indeed."

While Wynyard eat his dinner his companion half-turned his chair from the fire, and with his legs thrown commodiously over one arm, sat sideways, watching him with a lazy, good-humoured sort of interest in the meal, such as a child shows who finds relief from the trouble of entertaining himself by watching his elders, and feels

rather honoured in being allowed to do so.

The likeness between the cousins, though most apparent at first sight, remained strong even in the opinion of those friends who knew every change of the two countenances. In fact the constant pleasant variety of expression was the point their faces had most markedly in common, and it required a careful student of face-lore to detect the different qualities of the smiles and quick looks of intelligence and sudden glooms of annoyance or pain that made each countenance like an open landscape on a day of cloud and sunshine. A changeful show, very agreeable to look upon. It was easier to see that the younger face was the handsomer of the two, being in fact singularly handsome, and to overlook that what it gained in symmetry of feature it lost in moral strength and intellectual power. Just at that moment the look of listless discontent which usually lurked about the well-shaped mouth and drooping thick-fringed eyelids was absent, but the tone of voice in which the younger man's next remark was made showed an approaching relapse into the prevailing mood.

"I should say you lead a very jolly sort of life here by yourself, with very little to trouble or bother you."

"Except my work," answered Wynyard drily, "which, if I remember right, you considered something of a trouble when you attempted it."

"Attempted it, precisely; but then I never did it; I never got any work to do, and I could not have done it if I had. I was not saying that I should lead a jolly sort of life here, but that you do."

"Never mind me; let me alone. How about yourself? I have hardly seen you since you were last at Leigh. What made you come back so suddenly? was your mother there? or what happened? Let us turn to the fire; I have nothing very particular to do this evening, so you can talk as much as you like."

"Good heavens! may I? What a

gracious permission! I ought to be hugely obliged to you for condescending to listen to me."

Wynyard partly thought he was right there, but he only said, "I thought you intended to stay at Leigh till after Christmas?"

"Intended? No; you said I ought; but I never intended anything but to be governed by circumstances, as I always am. You were right just now about my mother being there; she was there, with all her friends."

"Well, I suppose you consider the house your mother's home as much as yours?"

"Ministers to make one die"—that was a capital speech of Florac's in *The Newcomes*. It made more impression on me than anything else in the book; puts all my life experiences into a nutshell. They were all there, every one of them, men and women."

"If you were oftener at home, your mother would take more pains to suit her society to your taste, I should think. When you leave her alone of course she gets her old friends about her."

"Come, now, Wynyard, did she ever think of my tastes in her life, except to try to crush them out as if they were serpents? Does she not consider it her first duty in life to bully me? and would hot ploughshares strewn in the way keep her from it? You know you never could stand her for more than ten days in the old times. After the first week or so of the holidays you used to sneak off to the Rivers's or somewhere, and leave me to bear the brunt of the lecturing alone."

"She was not my mother," said Wynyard, quickly. "However, what are we talking about? You don't wish me to condole with you on your mother's temper, I suppose. She is about the only relation you have in the world except myself; and she did the best she could for you when you were dependent on her."

"And now that she is dependent on me you fancy, I suppose, that I find it easier to get on?"

"No," said Wynyard, with the first pleasant smile that had crossed his face since the talk began; "I know you both too well to fancy any such thing. I am certain that her conscience does not allow her to abate her vigilance over your shortcomings by a hair's breadth, because she is now owing everything to you; and as for you, I won't say what quality it is in you that makes you a greater sneak than ever under the circumstances, but I am prepared to give up all hope of ever seeing you stand up to her as you ought, now that you have a house of your own, which you could turn her out of if you pleased."

"Then you ought to leave off bullying me when I turn myself out of the house; you know it's hammer-and-tongs when we are there together, and that I always hated it. When I think of the old Eton holidays in that awful little house in Chelsea, and the state I used to be in at the end of them, I wonder I am alive now. It's only natural I should want a year or two of peace and quiet to shake myself together again. Why should you object?"

"I don't object; I only say the sort of aimless life you are leading now is very bad for you, and it's for you to consider whether you ain't getting sick of it."

"What's the good of considering? I don't see anything else to be done—unless—yes, I had a scheme in my head, but for that you must help me; and though it's for your own good as well as mine, I declare I don't know how to put it to you."

"I don't advise you to bring me into any of your plans; it would not answer. You've got to learn to look after yourself, and if you can't why should not you marry?"

"That's the worst piece of advice you ever gave me. It would be a beastly selfish, and a monstrously silly thing to do. If I chose a wife to please myself and brought her home, there would be two people instead of one for my mother to bully; and if I let

my mother choose for me one of her sort, there would be two people instead of one to bully me. It's out of the question. I want peace and quiet and something to amuse me, and you suggest getting married! I ain't so hard-hearted as all that. Fancy bringing a little frightened thing like the bride I saw yesterday to Leigh for my mother to sit upon!"

"There are plenty of girls as lovely and timid-looking as that one, who would be quite ready and thankful to attempt the adventure if you put it to them, I fancy," said Wynyard, rather bitterly. "By all accounts Lady Forrest has not been wanting in courage."

"Ah! but there it's the man himself that has the temper, or drinks, or something, is it not? and that's nothing—nothing to a nagging mother-in-law. A woman can always get the whip-hand of a man if she likes, and all the better for beginning by seeming afraid of him. So they say at least—I don't know. No mortal being ever pretended to be afraid of me. I'm not made for ruling, I suppose. It is a dreadful mistake that you are not in my place, Wynyard, and that brings me to what I came here to talk about. I have been thinking of it ever since yesterday."

"I should have thought that was too old a story to be talked or thought about now, and, for myself, I don't see the use of it."

"You will by and by, when I have got what I came to say right side up in my head, and can put it properly to you."

There was a little pause, during which Wynyard took out his note-book and began to study it, and Lord Anstice folded and unfolded a stray sheet of foolscap into various shapes, with great appearance of interest. After finally producing a cocked-hat and sticking it on to a bust of Dante on the chimney-piece, he resumed, in a meditative tone—

"No, I can't understand her passing for a beauty. She looked well yester-

day, extremely well; but I never could get over her nose. A woman with a nose like that has always too much to say for herself. I suppose you don't mind it, eh?"

Wynyard, who had now taken up a pencil, proceeded to re-write an obscure note, with an expression of face which he intended to make utterly indifferent and pre-occupied, but he could not prevent his features from quivering a little.

"Why don't you answer a fellow?"

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Oh yes, you do. I was asking you whether you did not think Miss Rivers about as equal a match to my mother as one could expect to meet with in this generation. Those delicate aquiline noses and bright blue eyes, with a spice of devil in them, mean temper, don't they? and plenty to say for yourself. Altogether, a person who would not consent to be sat upon easily, eh?"

Wynyard returned his note-book and pencil to his pocket and sprang up from his chair.

"I'm going out," he began; "if you've exhausted all you have to say to me, and have nothing better to do than discuss Miss Rivers's nose, which is no business of yours or mine, let me remark, I shall leave you. I have just come across the address of an old fellow, whose acquaintance I made accidentally at a public meeting, and whom I promised to look up some day. I've a fancy to find him out to-night."

"That's to say, that any old fellow is better worth listening to than your own cousin, though he has come out on a wretched evening to talk to you about your own affairs."

"I have not heard anything about them yet; but you can come with me if you like."

"I'm coming, of course; I like your oddities, and when I've got you out in the streets, you won't be able to get away from me till I've had my say out."

"That depends," Wynyard observed

when they were out in the air, and walking down the wet street arm in arm. "I may as well tell you at once that I'm not in a humour to-night for chaff on the subject you introduced just now. Anything else you please; I don't want to be crusty, but that is tabooed now and for ever, unless you wish really to annoy me."

"There is nothing I mean less. It was not chaff either I was beginning upon. I had a handful of good wheat to show you, if you'd only have looked at it. Now, I suppose, I shall have to come round you with the halter some other way."

"If you really have anything to say—say it out. It can't possibly concern Miss Rivers."

"But it does. However, I've turned round now, and am beginning at the other end. What should you say to my cutting Leigh for a few years, and setting forth on my own hook, without letting any one know precisely where I was going, and without knowing any better myself? A life of travel and adventure is positively the only sort of life I care a rap for; and why should not I have it? I should take plenty of money with me, and while it lasted, live about as I please in out-of-the-way places—Timbuctoo, perhaps—without any of my people being a bit the wiser; and when I came back, say in ten or fourteen years—who knows?—I might be ready to settle down and marry the woman my mother has in her eye for me already, and make up to her for all the years wherein I have plagued her, by walking in her ways for the rest of my life. You may not credit it, but I have such a praiseworthy ending always in view, and nothing will bring me to it but a long spell of freedom first. What do you say to it?"

"Say! there's nothing to be said; but that it's as foolish and selfish a plan as you could possibly propose to yourself. You know perfectly well that your mother would be miserable, and that you've no right to throw re-

sponsibilities on her that she's even more unfit to deal with than you are yourself. You don't expect me to further such a project, I hope?"

"Wait a bit before you begin to swear at me. Just suppose for an instant or two that I am dead."

"What's the use of that?"

"You'll see—say I'm dead, and that you immediately marry Miss Rivers: what would happen next? You would not, I take it, turn my mother out of Leigh, since she has taken to the place; or stop her from carrying out her favourite plans in the village, seeing that they are about all she cares for in life at present. She would be dependent on you instead of on me, and your wife would manage her. That's the point. The thing opened out to me as I sat looking at Miss Rivers's profile the day before yesterday, and I've been thinking about it ever since."

"You don't mean to drown yourself on the uncertain prospect of getting Miss Rivers to manage your mother, I suppose?"

"Not at all. I go away for a few years, leaving the entire management of my affairs in your hands. You have sufficient clue to my whereabouts to send me money, but you decline to give such information to my mother or any of her allies as would set them on following and remonstrating with me. It's an understood thing among all parties that my eventual return and my future conformability depend on my taking a long spell of let-alone first; and meanwhile you marry Miss Rivers and do pretty much what you like at Leigh. You might try on any of your pet social schemes you pleased on the estate for what I should care. Shut up all the alehouses, or give all the women votes if you can. I'd promise not to undo more than I could help when I got home again. How do you think it would work?"

"Like a good many of your plans, agreeably enough, perhaps, for yourself, and very badly for everybody else concerned. What makes you suppose

that I should be willing to give up my profession, and all my prospects in life, to do your work while you enjoyed yourself?"

"Well, I could tell you in a word why you should, if you will let me. Miss——"

"No, don't go on," interrupted Wynyard hastily. "It's absurd. If I can't put myself in a position to win the wife I want by following my own line, I certainly shall not do it by becoming a paid servant of yours. You misunderstand the matter altogether."

"But don't be crusty. Servant is a notion of your own. Of course I meant a sort of partnership, of which you should settle the terms yourself, and that could go on all the same after I came back again to England. Leigh is large enough for a colony of us, and dull enough to want plenty of inhabitants to make it bearable."

"Thank you—you mean well, I dare say; but plans of that kind never answer, and I am the last person——"

"You ought to be the first person, if you put the smallest atom of faith in your own theories. I've heard you talk by the hour as if all private property was a mistake and everybody who has anything ought always to be giving it away to everybody else, and doing everybody's work as well as his own; and now when a chance comes of carrying out your doctrine, and a fellow asks you to take the work he can't do himself off his shoulders, and go shares with all that he has, you say, 'It won't answer,' as coolly as if you had never preached it up as the right thing."

"Don't push me against the lamp-post in your vehemence. Look where you are going—you will have your umbrella hooked on to that woman's bonnet in a minute."

The woman was Katherine Moore; and as Wynyard pulled his companion further on to the pavement, and slackened his pace to lower the obstructive umbrella, the sisters, talking eagerly, passed him closely on the lamp side,

and Christabel's remark about the pleasantness of a London fog, and her upward glance at the light, arrested the attention of the two young men at the same moment. They did not speak, but they exchanged glances, first of amusement, then of surprise, when the face, whose sudden beauty the lamp-light had revealed, had been swallowed up again in the murky gloom of the street.

"Queer things one hears in the streets sometimes," said Lord Anstice meditatively, after they had proceeded a step or two on their way. "I wonder what the girl meant by saying that London mud was sweet. I wish I could see her again and ask her. She looked as if she meant something more than met the ear, and I sha'n't get her saying out of my head in a hurry; it was such a queer thing to hear in the street on a foggy day. Hallo! What's that?"

"Not a queer thing to hear in these streets," said Wynyard; "some drunken row probably before the gin-shop at the corner. Here is our turning."

"But the girl who passed us just now went that way. I saw her pressing on as if she had business down there. Let's follow at all events to see what's up."

Wynyard, who had had a good deal of previous experience of the general inutility of interference in street rows, did not second his companion's desire to push on with the same eagerness that Katherine and Christabel had displayed. Consequently the two young men did not reach the scene of action till a few minutes after the appearance of the sisters there, and as a rough crowd had now poured out of the gin-shop near, they had some difficulty in forcing their way through to what seemed the core of interest—a clear space, close to the railway-arch, where four figures, disengaged from the throng, were standing out conspicuously; a woman leaning against the brickwork of the arch, wiping some blood from her face with the corner

of a ragged shawl, and a man, who seemed lately to have turned from her towards two other women standing before him, one of whom had her hand on his arm. His face, on which such light as there was fell, wore an uncertain look, half-bewildered, half-savage, as of a person arrested in a moment of fierce passion, and held irresolute by some strange new experience, which had not as yet translated itself into his consciousness as cause for putting aside or inflaming his rage. The woman who was touching him, and on whose face his strained, blood-shot eyes were fixed, was still speaking, for a clear, refined voice was audible a few paces off through the hubbub of the crowd; but just as the two young men gained the outer circle of spectators some one in the throng laughed—a shrill, jeering woman's laugh. At the sound the arrested madness in the ruffian's face lighted up again like a jet of fire bursting forth, and as the evil flame leaped from his eyes, there came the dull sound of a heavy blow followed by a fall, and then a shrill, wailing cry rang through the street. Two minutes of indescribable confusion and backward and forward surging of the crowd followed; but at the end Wynyard and his cousin had each accomplished the object they had respectively thrown themselves upon when the sound of that cowardly blow fired their pulses. Wynyard, aided by a wiry little old man who had elbowed his way to the front at the same moment with himself, had pinioned the offender against the wall of the bridge, and was holding him firmly there till the proper authorities, who were said to be making their appearance round the corner of the street, should arrive to take him into custody; and Lord Anstice had succeeded, he never quite knew how, in dragging up from under the feet of stupid starers and gesticulators the woman he had seen felled to the ground, and in carrying her out of the throng of people, intent on watching Wynyard's prowess, to a spot just beyond the shadow of

the railway-arch, where a coffee-stall with its lamp and awning seemed to offer a sort of shelter. Two or three women followed him, and almost the first thing of which he was distinctly aware was the touch of a cold, trembling hand laid on his, and a voice, hoarse but imperious, saying in his ear—

"Give her to me—here, into my arms. She is my sister."

"Can you hold her? She has fainted!" he said, looking down into a small white agonised face in which he did not at the moment recognise the flashing-eyed smiling countenance he had noticed under the lamp a few minutes before.

"Of course I can; she is my sister I tell you. She will open her eyes when she feels me. Oh, Kitty! Kitty!"

A woman pushed the coffee-seller's chair forward and drew Christabel into it; and then Lord Anstice knelt down on the pavement, utterly regardless of wet and bystanders, and laid his burden across her knees. Neither he nor Christabel had presence of mind to think of any other course to take than this. They were both absorbed in one question, so dreadful to Christabel that it might not have suggested itself to her if she had not read it in his eyes. What was the meaning of the death-like whiteness of the face, which fell prone on Christabel's shoulder as soon as Lord Anstice's supporting arm was withdrawn? Before he rose from his knees he had time to take in a good many particulars connected with the white face and drooping head, from which the bonnet, crushed into a shapeless mass, had fallen. Its high white brows, one of which was disfigured by a wound; the soft dusky hair brushed smoothly back from the face; the delicate ears; the sweeping black eyelashes and level eyebrows: and he thought what a strange face it was to have grown death-like in a street row, and how still more incongruous with the surrounding scene—the flaring light of the coffee-seller's lamp and the

flaunting and wretched figures gathered round—was the clear-cut, cameo-like head that bent over it; the features as pallid and almost as motionless, but instinct with living agony instead of unconscious peace. He had time for these thoughts before any change came, and then there was a quivering of the white eyelids, a swelling of the nostrils, a moan from the recumbent head, and at the same moment the other face flushed up, and two earnest eyes, with a strange look of triumph in them, were lifted to his.

"There, you see, I said she would wake up as soon as she felt my arms round her; I knew she would come back to me. Katherine, Katherine, my darling, I am holding you fast!"

Another long-drawn sigh, and then the dark-fringed lids were fairly raised, and the eyes turned to the face above them with something of an answering look of love; and Lord Anstice, as he sprang to his feet ready for helpful action now that suspense was over, felt a curious pulse in his throat, and a quick bound of joyful relief in his heart, such as nothing that had occurred to himself for many a day had been able to give him. It was, to use his own phraseology, the "oddest" feeling he had known for a long time, and he quite applauded himself for being capable of such strong emotion. By this time Wynyard and his coadjutor had resigned their captive into the hands of the police, and they now joined the smaller group by the coffee-stall. The shabby old man, who, to Lord Anstice's secret disgust, recognised Christabel and called her "my dear," immediately took the lead in deciding what was to be done.

"These ladies are friends of mine," he explained to Wynyard, "and were coming to my house when the accident occurred. It is a few yards further down the main road, in a side street: we had better get them there as quickly as we can, out of the way of the crowd that will soon be surging back to the gin-shop."

Katherine, who was now sufficiently

recovered to take part in the discussion, caught at this suggestion and managed to drag herself from Christabel's arms and put her feet to the ground; but the first effort to move brought a moan of pain, and though she assured Christabel that she believed no bones were broken, she was obliged to let herself be supported along by the arms of the numerous helpers who came forward, and was at last fairly carried into the little shop. The jar of the last step across the threshold, and of being laid down on the hard sofa in the back parlour among the clocks, cost her another fainting-fit longer than the first, and while Christabel was occupied in applying restoratives, there was time for a few words of explanation to pass between the owner of the house and the two young men, whom alone of the crowd he had allowed to pass beyond the shop-door. As soon as he began to talk quietly, Wynyard recognised his acquaintance of the public meeting in the little old man, and he did not feel the less inclined to put him down as a social phenomenon for hearing him speak of Christabel as his teacher, and seeing her take out from under her shawl a volume of Pascal, which was to have been the subject of their evening's study.

Surely there must be a spirit of travesty abroad to-night, and his long day's suppressed excitement had carried him into some region of illusion, where perhaps there was nothing incongruous in wiry old shopkeepers being the pupils of pale young ladies, or in women with grand, pure faces like that one on the sofa being knocked down by drunken ruffians in street-rows. It did not increase, but rather lessened Wynyard's bewilderment, when Christabel, in answer to his question, gave the name of the street and the number of the house where they lived, and he remembered all at once that it was Mrs. West's address, and recalled Lady Rivers's embarrassed explanation about the two young ladies whom her sister, Mrs. West, had taken into her house as companions for her

daughter, that pretty shy little Emmie West, whom he had met in Alma's company once or twice during the course of the last year. This information seemed rather the *mot de l'énigme*, so far as accounting for his own share in the events of the evening went, for now he knew why it was that, failing the quiet reverie he had promised himself, a stroll in the direction of Saville Street had appeared the next most agreeable thing to do. It brought him not near the Rose indeed, but near the earth that sometimes touched the Rose.

All through this evening's walk there had been lying at the bottom of his mind a plan of turning towards Saville Street, when his visit to the watchmaker was over, and (if his courage held good at the last moment) of paying a late call on Mrs. West, and finding an excuse for drawing Emmie into talk about the wedding that would include one speaking and one hearing of Alma's name at least. The project was at all events so fixed in his mind, that when Dr. Urquhart had been summoned, and had decided that Miss Moore must be conveyed home, and put to bed before anything could be done to relieve her, it seemed quite a matter of necessity that he should follow and see the end of the adventure. He did not even feel surprised at the energy with which his cousin scouted Dr. Urquhart's demur to the necessity of so many attendants accompanying his patient to her own door. He was glad to be upheld, by a perfectly indifferent person in his opinion, that something would arise as soon as they all reached Saville Street to make the household there glad of the presence of two willing messengers, who might be sent anywhere that occasion required.

As it turned out Wynyard's presence really was a boon to Emmie and Mrs. West, for they found him sufficiently quick of comprehension to be used as a decoy for the purpose of drawing Mr. West's attention from the unusual bustle and confusion in the lodgers' part of the house. He allowed himself to be hastily sent into the dining-

room, while Katherine's transfer from the carriage, through the hall, was being effected, and honestly taxed his conversational powers to the utmost, and kept Mr. West so well entertained that he quite forgot to harass the rest of the family by complaints and questions. After more than an hour's hard work, Wynyard had his reward. Mrs. West and Emmie came back to the room, and, after a little talk over the accident, he found an opportunity for telling them that he had been present at Lady Forrest's wedding the day before. The remark started the sort of conversation he desired, talk that was always more or less hovering round Alma, and which at last brought out an expression of Mrs. West's preference for Alma over her sisters, and the relation of various anecdotes of Alma's kindness to her Saville-Street cousins. Wynyard (despising himself for his folly all the time) thought that the interest of these little stories, totally irrelevant to him and his concerns as they were, well repaid him for the hour and a half he had spent in waiting for the chance of some such treat. He knew that they did not concern him in the least, and ought not to alter his thoughts in any way, for he believed that he understood Alma's character better than any one else did. Yet as he sat and listened, while the foolish little anecdotes fell in diffuse sentences from Mrs. West's lips, he could not help receiving them into his mind as a brightly-coloured hazy background, prepared for him to begin painting hopeful pictures upon as soon as he should be alone at last. Emmie, seated on the edge of the sofa, and putting in a word now and again, entered into his thoughts only as a pretty incident in a scene that would always live in his thoughts with a certain pleasurable glow upon it. He had been so well amused himself that it did not occur to him to feel surprised at the sight of his cousin still lingering in the hall, when at last unmistakable signs of weariness in the master of the house had driven him to take leave.

"What did you find to do? and where have you put yourself these two hours?" he asked, when they were on their way home, and had settled preliminaries about meeting next day to offer their evidence of the assault they had witnessed.

Lord Anstice launched into a description of the Moores' rooms, to which he had been invited by one of the children, under an idea that he was the attendant of the surgeon whom Dr. Urquhart had summoned to his assistance. He made a long and amusing story out of his encounters with different members of the crowded Saville-Street household, not omitting to describe Emmie's shy beauty and old Mrs. Urquhart's wonderful evening-cap; but he said very little about the real heroines of the evening, and nothing at all concerning a few words of conversation between himself and Christabel, which, though he might not perhaps have confessed it even to himself, had repaid him for a good deal of unusual self-denial.

The opportunity for talk had fallen out in this way. He was standing where he had been left by Casabianca, in a corner of the Moores' sitting-room, partly hidden by Christabel's easel, while the two medical men talked together by the fireplace, when Christabel came out from an inner room in which Katherine was, and walking straight up to him, touched him on the arm.

"My sister wishes to speak to you before you leave the house."

"Is she able?"

"She will not sleep till her wish is satisfied—follow me before we are forbidden," with a glance at Dr. Urquhart and a movement towards the bedroom, which he followed. Katherine was lying on a low bed, that fitted into a slope of the attic-roof, pale, but with full consciousness and energy in the grey eyes she turned on him—

"I want to ask one question before I sleep," she said, in a weak, sweet voice. "You were there?—you saw it all, did you not?—you are——"

"Ralph Anstice," he said, seeing

that she paused and looked earnestly at him.

"I was wondering whether it was you whom I saw in the crowd. You came first to our help—I think you must have seen——"

"The blow that struck you down. I did, and you may be quite sure that the ruffian who dealt it shall get his deserts as far as I can accomplish it."

"Hush! I was not thinking of him. I want to know what became of the woman whom he had struck before I came up. Did no one think about her? Did no one notice what became of her?"

"I can't say that I did. She followed the crowd, I suppose."

"But she seemed much hurt; she is a woman, you see, as well as I, and much more helpless."

"At all events she shall be free from her tyrant for a pretty long time to come. I think I may safely promise you that."

"But it may not be enough; it may not even be the best thing for her, if the man is her husband. I want you to understand that I interfered for her protection, and it is her good, not any foolish indignation on my account, that I want all of you who saw what happened to bear in mind if you are called upon to give evidence to-morrow. Do not make what happened to me the important point. I brought it on myself, and I shall feel guilty if things are made worse for that miserable woman on my account. I can trust David MacVie, and you—may I not?—to consider her welfare first, and not press the charge on my behalf, if prolonged punishment of the man would be bad for her?"

There was a moment's silence, while Lord Anstice hesitated in some embarrassment at the request; and Christabel, who had gone round to the other side of the bed, and was bending over Katherine, looked up at him.

"You had better do as my sister bids you," she said. "She is always right, I can assure you, and the sort of person to be obeyed."

As she spoke a sudden smile broke just for an instant over her face, bringing colour and light and sweetness upon it, and a look into the wonderful wide blue eyes that made them seem to his fancy like gateways, giving a glimpse into a new world, where such feelings as ennui, and weariness, and unprofitableness had no existence. In that moment he recognised the face to be the same as the one that had flashed upon him in the street and struck him so much by its strange beauty. When he had left Wynyard at his door, and was proceeding on his solitary way to his own quarters, he occupied himself in wondering how one small pale face could wear such opposite looks, and which of those he knew he should find upon it when he came to Saville Street again, as of course he must, to render an account of how he had kept his promise.

CHAPTER VI.

PROS AND CONS.

"So you saw Agatha when you were in Paris, and never wrote me word. How was that, Constance?"

"Speak lower, dear Alma, my maid is in the next room putting away all my bridal dresses, and the door is open."

And young Lady Forrest, the bride of six weeks ago, looking very unbridelike in the deep mourning she had lately put on for her mother-in-law, whose sudden death had cut short the wedding journey, looked timidly towards a figure dimly seen through the open dressing-room door and then appealingly at Alma.

"Now, Constance, I hope you are not going to set up a fear of your servants in addition to all your other little terrors," said Alma. "I did look, at all events, to seeing some dignity and independence come with the consciousness of your wedding-ring. Do you ever mean to feel as if you were mistress of this house, I wonder?"

Constance answered by another frightened "Hush!" and Alma, after

crossing the room and closing the door, knelt down by her sister's chair and put her arms round her.

"Now we are thoroughly alone at last," she said coaxingly. "I see it won't often be so. Let us *feel* alone this once, and speak one or two free words to each other once more in our lives. I have scolded mamma for wanting to make you talk, and here I am doing it myself; but I am so hungry for a little bit of your real self, Connie. We have not talked together in our old way since the day, three months ago now, when you came into my room and said, 'I am engaged to Sir John Forrest.' I was naughty, and you were frightened, and a thin ice wall grew up between us. It has passed away now, has it not? and you will at least let me look into your eyes, if you can't speak to me, and I shall read there how it is with you, now that you have six weeks' experience of what it is to be married."

"Of course since Lady Forrest's death it is all very sad, so different from what we expected," Constance answered, still avoiding her sister's gaze.

"Yes; but that need not keep you from looking at me. The suddenness was very shocking, and it must have been sad for you both, hurrying home to find that all was over. But now that it is all over let us speak the truth to each other about it. Lady Forrest was a very formal person, whom neither you nor I could get on with, and—I suppose it was very hard-hearted of me—but my first thought, when I heard she was dead, was that now there was one person less for you to be afraid of."

"I had been making up my mind not to be afraid of her, but to try to get her to like me. I thought she might be a help to me; show me how to manage; give me hints when I felt at a loss, as I do sometimes."

"I should have been frightfully jealous in that case. Yes, indeed, I don't mean to give you up to any one. You will have to confide in me still in the old schoolroom fashion. I will

not allow that the mere fact of your being married has put such a gulf between us that we cannot be as useful to each other as we used to be. Now I challenge you to look me full in the face and say that you can do without me, and that you don't, just now, long to talk to me without any false pretences."

At last Lady Forrest did lift her drooping eyelids far enough to give Alma a good look into her lovely eyes.

"You don't want me to say whether I am happy or not, do you?" she asked, with a visible shrinking from the question. "You know it is very difficult, while everything is still so strange, to know exactly how it is with one; but (lowering her voice to a still softer whisper) I don't mind telling you, if this is what you want to know, that *he* is really very fond of me, in his way, he is indeed, Alma."

"What a singular *he*," cried Alma, lightly, to conceal the pain the earnest look she had courted had given her. "But, my dear child, do you always call Sir John *he* in that awe-struck tone? Does he by chance belong to a tribe of savages I read of the other day, where a wife is not allowed, on pain of death, to speak her husband's name? It is considered a sort of sacrilege, I believe, among them for a woman even to think of the man she belongs to by any other designation than master. Has he brought you to that faith already?"

"I wish you would not joke about it."

"Is it really so dreadful then? Nay, you must give me another look; you must not send me away from our private interview with such very fearful ideas of your present condition. Remember you are the first of us three sisters who has made the desperate plunge, and if you report badly of the new country, how am I ever to get across?"

"Oh, Alma, indeed I have not said anything; I am quite content and convinced that I have done the right thing. Please don't go away and say or think that—in fact—that I don't

feel as all girls do when they are first married, unless they have been merely silly and selfish, as mamma calls it, and have chosen to please their own fancies. I did my duty, and I feel sure that I shall be more and more satisfied with everything around me as time goes on."

"We'll get to the *thing* part of it when mamma is here; while this precious hour to ourselves lasts, let us cast one more glance at the *he*, to satisfy my devouring anxiety. You are not going to be very much afraid of your husband, are you, you little coward? You say he is fond of you, and you used to know, with all your softness, how to weave a very pretty little tyranny out of your fears for any one who cared enough about you to submit to it. The *caring* is the great point with you—is not it?—not so much *who cares*. Having got that, you will do very well, I should think, and grow happy and at ease with your husband. Shall you not?"

There was a pause, and then Constance said, slowly—

"There are different ways of caring. A person may care for you to look and be exactly what *he* wishes every minute of the day. That may be all his pleasure in you. He may not be able to have an idea that you ever want to be or do anything for yourself. It is pleasant to be of so much consequence, but it is anxious work. One always has to be watching oneself, and trifles grow to be so terribly important."

"Yes, I see. In marriage it ought to be one thing or the other. If the two are not *really* one, they had better be two. The artificial way you are trying, where on one side it is all acting, must make a dreadful burden of the life."

"But one shall get used to it in time," said Constance, more cheerfully. "One may get to know so well what is expected of one in every little thing as never to make mistakes. That was why I began to reckon a great deal on seeing poor old Lady Forrest again. She had lived with him all his life, and must thoroughly have known all his little ways."

"Little ways!" Alma burst out. "Fads, I suppose, about the shape of your boots, and the set of your shawl, and the phrases in which you speak of the weather. Oh, Constance! to be anxious about such matters as that all one's life must indeed be a burden. Forgive me, dear! You know my way; I speak impetuously, and then it is over, and I am prudent for ever afterwards. I promise never to try to make you discontented again."

A shade of pained displeasure had come into Lady Forrest's face; and Alma, feeling that her outburst had closed the gates of confidence, for that hour at least, hastened penitently to turn the conversation to more commonplace matters, where she should not be tempted to offend again.

"I can't help being glad," she said, "in spite of your regrets for old Lady Forrest, that you will begin your reign in this house as sole mistress. You will be able to carry out your own plans and tastes; and how mamma will enjoy helping you to remodel the antiquated furniture, and make the place homelike for yourself! Everybody allows that her judgment is good in such things, and I know you will enjoy giving her the pleasure of thinking she is helping you."

"Don't put such a notion into mamma's head, Alma, it would cause me dreadful trouble. Sir John hates changes, and I am afraid, more than anything else, hates mamma's taste. We must never let her know this; but he calls it, and some other things that you and I have been taught to believe in, vulgar. I hardly like to say it, but it's true, and he does not mind letting me know now what he thinks of us all. You can't imagine the relief it is to me to put away my *trousseau*, and remember that when our mourning is over I can get fresh clothes from people he approves, whose taste he won't question on every point."

"All your pretty things that we chose together, and that poor mamma fussed over to such an extent; are you actually burying them all?"

The tears rushed to Lady Forrest's eyes, and she turned her head away to hide them as she answered—

"You don't know how tiresome it was to be told half-a-dozen times every day that there was something a little wrong in what I had on. I see you think I ought to have stood up for mamma's taste and yours, but it is very difficult to go on for ever answering the same sort of objections to every trifle about one—over and over again."

"I should think so, indeed. But I can't help feeling sorry that all the little links between Constance Rivers and Constance Forrest are put away so quickly. You might as well have been Marie Antoinette, changing all her clothes, down to her stockings, before she was allowed to cross the frontier into her husband's kingdom. She got the upper hand over her lout of a king, let us remember, in the long run, and I don't despair of seeing even you pluck up courage to reign over the kingdom you have come into possession of some day. It wants a great deal of reforming I can see at a glance, stately as the general effect is. I shall begin to respect you when you have succeeded in making those dismal state rooms habitable. Do you remember how chilly we felt in them on the memorable occasion of old Lady Forrest's one ball? and how I longed to rummage among the *pot pourri* vases, and the china dragons and monster jars? Shall you ever dare to move them to see what secret cupboard-doors there may be behind them, Lady Bluebeard?"

Constance could not help smiling, though she coloured a little as she answered—

"I will confess something that will amuse you; but you must not talk about it to me again before any one. I went into the great drawing-room yesterday, when Sir John was out, and to prevent myself from thinking too much of that ball and all it led up to—which you know I only half expected at the time. I began to take some of the old chintz covers off the worked

chairs, and to look into the cabinets and drag out all sorts of wonderful old treasures. I would not have the servants in to help, for fear they should take me for an inquisitive school-girl; and as I went on I got excited over my work, though with a guilty feeling all the time as if old Lady Forrest might suddenly open the door of a cabinet behind me and ask me what I was doing with her ancient worked chairs and her beloved priceless china. I forgot all about Sir John till I heard the folding-doors of the anteroom open (about half-a-mile from where I happened to be kneeling, with my spoils all about me), and saw in the distance the figure of a gentleman coming through. It was quite too dark for me to make out who it was at first, and I can tell you that my heart did beat quickly, and I felt a very coward, till the intruder got near enough for me to see that it was not my husband, only Wynyard Anstice, come to inquire after us, and shown in by mistake. He looked so like old times—old holiday times with the boys—that I could not help letting him see how relieved I was that it was only he, and when lights were brought I showed him what I had been doing, and we had a good laugh over my fright. Oh, Alma! such a laugh as I had not had for two whole months. Then we set to work to put things straight again, and we worked as hard together as if we had been tidying the old schoolroom after a sham fight on a holiday afternoon; and just as Wynyard was lifting the last china monster back to its old place on a shelf over my head the door opened again, and that time it was to let in Sir John.

"And you told him what you had been doing?"

"Alma! He would never have thought me sane again as long as he lived. If you had been with us for the last six weeks you would know better than to expect such candour from me. I might almost as well have got myself unmarried, for he would never have taken in the idea

that Lady Forrest could so conduct herself. Wynyard Anstice understood the state of the case much better than you do. He turned away from his vase, as if he had strolled up to it casually to look at it nearer, and kept Sir John in conversation cleverly till I had recovered my countenance, and was ready to take my share in the talk."

"Oh, Connie, I know just the sort of imploring look you darted at him from under your eyelashes to make him do that. How you can call yourself a shy person and yet bear to make such revelations in sudden moments, I never could understand."

"It did not tell Wynyard Anstice anything new. It was a bit out of old times for him. As he sat talking to Sir John I knew, for I read it in his face, that he was thinking to himself how characteristic all this was of the cowardly little Constance, whom he and Alma always used to scramble out of her scrapes. My imploring look did not reveal anything fresh about me to him."

"Except that you are afraid of your husband; and oh, Connie! I am afraid you would have done just the same if young Laurance, or any one of your old lovers had come in."

"I did not show that I am afraid of my husband, only that I respect him, as I have always respected the proper authorities. I have not been troubling myself at all about that part of yesterday's little adventure. I really did not see that I had done anything foolish so far."

"What else have you to confess? Did you give Sir John to understand by your manner that we are still on our old terms of intimacy with Mr. Anstice? or did you stiffen back into the coldness mamma has prescribed of late, after Sir John came in?"

"That is the confession I have to make, dearest Alma, and if I decided the wrong way for your real interests and wishes, you must forgive me. I sat and thought about it while I recovered breath in my shady corner, and Sir John and Wynyard discussed

the day's *Times*. I had come to the conclusion that I would not commit myself to great intimacy; I would gently slide down from the familiarity of the last half-hour to something that, while it was sufficiently friendly to be consistent, would not provoke questions from Sir John. I had, I know, called up just the right medium expression to my face, but when Wynyard got up to take leave, and held out his hand to me—I can't account for it, Alma—it was something in his eyes, I suppose, that I could not resist, just after he had been helping me—but I actually told him that you were coming here to spend the day to-morrow, and invited him to dine with us alone, at eight o'clock."

"What did Sir John think of such a proceeding—just now, when you are seeing no one?"

"He was not well pleased at first; but he has less objection to Wynyard Anstice than to others of our friends, whom mamma thinks more of, because, as he says, he knows who he is. Then, luckily for me, he had been a little put out in the morning, when he heard I had asked you to spend the day, because we should be three for dinner, and I bethought me of remarking that my impromptu invitation was given to secure an even number. I added that you would have no objection to the *vis-à-vis* I had secured for you."

"You should not have said that."

"Well, then, I am rightly punished, for as things have turned out I have brought myself into a great—you need not smile, Alma—a serious perplexity. You bring me word that papa intends to do me the honour of dining here to-day, and I could not, no, coward as I am, I could not vex him by letting him see so soon that unexpected guests for dinner are not as welcome to Sir John as he, with his easy-going ways, has been used to make them at home. I cannot put off papa on his first offered visit; but all the same, I do tremble at the thought of what Sir John's feelings will be when he sees

the party he is expected to sit down with at eight o'clock. Papa, who will come after a long day in court, with his worn, pre-occupied, Lord-Justice look, and who must either sit opposite you, or have no one to match him."

"It is only a family party."

"Our notion of a family party is undreamed of here. Can you help me to a way out of my dilemma? Can you suggest a niceish-looking lady, who would come at an hour's notice (it is five o'clock, and growing dark already), and sit quietly opposite papa, without in any way annoying Sir John?"

"Emmie West," suggested Alma, promptly. "It would so please papa; he has a sore place in his conscience about the Wests, and is continually wanting us to do more for them, though he does not know exactly what. Mamma would not have Emmie asked to the wedding, and to my mind there is a sort of poetical justice in your being driven to invite her as your first guest. Come, be bold; I have often said that my first act of independence, when I had a house of my own, should be to ask all the Wests at once to dinner."

Constance made a gesture of despair.

"What am I to do, if you take it into your head that this house is *my own*, and that I can ask whom I please to it? Sir John has never heard of the Wests, and I never intended that he should. He has a horror of relations, and wonders sometimes whether all the boys and you will marry, dreading, I can see, to be dragged into depths of vulgarity by one or other of our clan."

"As there is no saying what we may do, you had better begin to inure him early. Little Emmie West can't be looked upon as an eyesore, seated opposite to papa at dinner, I should think."

"I don't know; I have dreadful recollections of Emmie West at our Christmas parties, in scrippy, washed muslin dresses, eked out at the bottom with cheap edging, and with shoes, and gloves, and ribbons that looked as if they had come out of Noah's Ark.

If that was the result when there had been weeks of preparation, I tremble to think what would be the effect of a hasty toilette."

"Better, perhaps; or stay, let us bring her here, and you shall make her a present of one of those pretty evening dresses you talk of buying. It would be a cheap bit of good nature, Connie, since you never mean to wear any of them again yourself. I will back Emmie West not to look the least bit like a poor relation, when we have dressed her up. She is just your height, and I have always had my doubts as to whether she would not turn out to be prettier than any one of us, if she were properly dressed."

"I should like it," said Constance, "and it is perhaps the best thing to do, for I don't think Sir John objects to anything in the world so much as sitting down an uneven number at dinner. Poor Aunt West will be immensely gratified at my calling on her so soon and inviting Emmie."

"It is a capital opportunity for feeling your new importance," said Alma, smiling; "and if one is to marry grandly, one may as well get all the compensating pleasures out of the situation one can."

"Have you seen much of Wynyard Anstice since I left home?" Constance asked, when the sisters were driving to Saville Street.

"He called once," said Alma, the more inclined to be communicative, because there was not light enough for her sister to read her face. "He called the day after your wedding, and we had a long talk together about Agatha."

"Oh!" said Constance, thoughtfully. "Then I know what happened. One can't help opening out when one talks of Agatha. I suppose I did right to go and see her in her convent when I was close to her, but it cost me a terrible fit of crying. She wanted to hear all about Sir John and my engagement, questioning me in her old earnest way; and do you know, Alma, I found that I could not answer. I could not speak about my marriage to her as I had spoken of it to other

people. It looked suddenly such a solemn thing—done for ever—and I could not feel just then that I had had reason enough. In that little bare room, with Agatha in her serge dress, sitting by me—all mere outside things looked so small and mean."

Alma did not say what she thought: "You know then that you have only got outside things." She put her hand over her sister's, and sat silently waiting, not without a little quick beating of the heart, for Constance to bring out the connecting thought between her first and her last remark, which she certainly had not expressed so far.

It came at length in a thoughtful tone. "I felt sure something had happened between you and Wynyard Anstice. When he asked after you there was a tone in his voice that told me—"

"No! no!—there is nothing to tell—you must not be fanciful. I assure you that nothing passed; but, as I said before, talk about Agatha."

"Ah! but you must have said something without knowing it, perhaps, that has made him think better of you than he did a little while ago. He felt bitterly about the change in our manner to him at one time. I used sometimes to think he more than half despised us all; and though he hovered about you, he felt his liking for you a sort of bondage, and hated it in his heart. Now, there is a change, and I am afraid, dear, that unless you have courage to go against mamma, you will have to do once again all that it cost you so much to do a year ago. You are a great deal stronger than I am, Alma, perhaps it would not be so difficult for *you* to get your own way, if this is what you wish, and make what people call a love-match. I am not advising it, of course; only, if one could marry a man one loved—so truly that one was not the least bit afraid of him—I think sometimes it might be worth a struggle, or even giving up a little worldly prosperity for such rest as that would be."

They had left the quarter of the town with which they were familiar by this time, and reached a drearier, more monotonous region, and Alma sat for a time without speaking, her face towards the window, apparently looking out; really looking within, though the objects which glanced past before her eyes, gave a certain colouring and tone to her reflections. It was just one of her usual see-saws of thought and feeling, cold and hot fits, doubt and confidence swaying her alternately, with self-contempt for not being more heartily in earnest, underlying all. It was not poverty exactly that she feared. She had not the lazy luxury-loving nature of her mother and Constance. She could have joined partnership with one of like ambition with her own; but then it must be with the definite aim of conquering fortune in the end; and worldly advancement must be as dear to him as to herself. She could not look forward to contentment except in the world's high places, or imagine herself sinking permanently to what she called a sordid life. Her father's career had always been her ideal of what was admirable in the life of a professional man, and in her glorying over his triumphs a standard of worldly success, as the only test of worth, had been formed in her mind, and coloured all her thoughts. She could despise her mother's restless efforts for the family aggrandisement; but her own ambition was essentially of the same nature, and had the same blight of worldliness upon it. When she turned round to Constance again, her first words showed the direction her thoughts had taken.

"Papa was talking about him to me the other day," she said: "I know what he meant. It was not that mamma had set him on to speak as she has done before. His views of things are never, you know, really the same as mamma's, though in this matter they agree in their wishes about me. He talked to me just as if

I were one of the boys, like a reasonable creature with a career before me, and then, without alluding to the past, he let the conversation turn on Mr. Anstice's prospects, and said how sorry he was that he was not more practical, and did not seem disposed to put himself under his advice. He said that Wynyard had just now refused something; I don't know what, but something that papa says he should have taken at his age with a view to its leading to further advancement, because accepting it would have committed him to the support of some people, or some principles that he does not approve of. Papa did not say he was altogether wrong, but he called it an ultra-conscientious scruple, such as he should have stepped over at Wynyard's age. It was the old story over again on a smaller scale, and I can see the impression it has made on papa."

"How strange, just when he is, I am sure, fonder of you than ever."

"In a way," said Alma, bitterly; "but, oh, Connie! not in the way in which I should like to be loved. I wonder whether there is really no alternative, and that we unlucky women have to take our choice between being a little loved by men who can see plenty of higher objects and interests in the world than our poor little happiness, and who put us last; or a good deal loved by fools who put us first?"

"Not always," said Constance, sighing in her turn. "I don't think there is any good in expecting to be put first for long by any one. A man's crotchets need not be like Wynyard Anstice's, about principles and imaginary things, to stand in the way of loving—the other sort serve just as well for that. But here we are in Saville Street. I wonder what Sir John's servants will think about my coming here, and if they will notice how much dingier Uncle West's house looks than even the other shabby houses on this side of the street."

To be continued.

HUEFFER'S TROUBADOURS.¹

THE troubadour has hitherto found little favour in the eyes of English critics. Even the ever-ready book-makers, who, after the fashion of William Godwin, are willing to write at all times upon any subject, have been but little attracted by the "wind of Provence heavy with the rose," of which one of our younger poets sings. Such efforts as they did make to depict the troubadours were scarcely encouraging. Few, we fancy, read now Mrs. Dobson's abridgment of Millot, in which that worthy woman deprecates mildly the task that has fallen to her hands, and shudders every now and then over the laxness of morality among the men and women she is chronicling. Bad, however, as poor Mrs. Dobson's work was, we have no other contribution to the matter worth reading. The subject has been left entirely to the speculations of foreign critics; and until very recently our popular idea of the troubadour was not much more extended than that of Mr. Snodgrass in *Pickwick*, who went to a fancy ball "in blue satin trunks and cloak, white silk tights and shoes, and Grecian helmet: which everybody knows to have been the regular, authentic, every-day costume of a troubadour, from the earliest ages down to the time of their final disappearance from the face of the earth."

In taking up the subject, therefore, Mr. Hueffer set himself a very important and praiseworthy task, and he has acquitted himself of his work in a manner which does honour to his research as a scholar and to his acumen as a critic. For in undertaking to introduce the English public to the trou-

badours, Mr. Hueffer entered upon a difficult and onerous duty, the trouble of which was not much lightened by the labours of others who had worked before him in the field of Provençal literature. Ste. Palaye, Diez, Raynouard, Fauriel, and many others had striven to bring about a better appreciation and understanding of Provençal, but, save to a very select few, these labours were little known in England, and nothing like a school of Provençal study existed. In taking up the theme, therefore, Mr. Hueffer was practically addressing an audience utterly unacquainted with the subject. But on the other hand, this audience was by no means indifferent; and if he had to begin *de novo*, he did not speak to deaf or inattentive ears, for the interest in the language and literature which fill up the space between Latin and Italian civilisation, between the decay of old Rome and the efflorescence of the Renaissance, has been greatly developed amongst us of late. The cause of this increased regard for the strange, beautiful speech which leapt into perfect birth and passed away from the list of living languages as suddenly as Arminius disappeared from the eyes of his followers is to be found in the curious revival of the spirit of song in Provence. The efforts of the *Felibrige*, or Guild of Provençal poets established in 1854, have undoubtedly done as much as, if not more than, anything else to arouse a wider and deeper sympathy with, and care for, the tongue of Rudel and Peire Vidal. Teodor Aubanel and Frederi Mistral may no more hope to bring again the old glories of Provence, than Marshal MacMahon might have looked for Ogier the Dane to come back from Avallon, and the arms of Morgan le

¹ *The Troubadours, a History of Provençal Life and Literature in the Middle Ages.* By Francis Hueffer. Chatto and Windus, 1878.

Fay in the stormy year of 1870, and hurl back an invader from the gates of beleaguered Paris. The peculiar beauty and grace of old Provençal poetry—a beauty and grace that was of necessity somewhat artificial—it would be as hopeless to attempt to revive as it would be vain for skilled craftsmen to strive to rival nature in the production of the patina upon bronze or the matchless glow of iridescence upon the glass that has lain for centuries in the earth. Certain conditions, which must be fulfilled, are necessary to produce both, and the conditions necessary to the existence of old Provençal song are scarcely ever likely to come upon the earth again. But these would-be restorers of a faded faith have certainly done much to make the present day aware of the exquisite symmetry and undying loveliness inclosed for ever in the swathes and embalming spices of a dead language.

Mr. Hueffer has, it is said, been recently made a member of the *Félibrige*, in recognition of his critical edition of the works of Guillem de Cabestanh, the unhappy troubadour who is the original hero of the story told in many forms, and perhaps best known to us in Sugden's *Sigismonda*. His new book may therefore be regarded as his diploma work.

Mr. Hueffer modestly disclaims any desire to be more than popular in his treatment of the subject; and it is quite possible that some of his readers would have liked a little more science and a little more philology. But we feel satisfied that Mr. Hueffer has adopted the right mode of treatment: his aim being to diffuse as much as possible the knowledge of the troubadours, and to point out to the present day that its love for revivals of all kinds should in fairness take in the poets and the poetry to which European civilisation owes so much. It is true that we in England do not directly inherit so much from the troubadours as other countries, but it would be impossible to deny that we have ex-

perienced their indirect influence to a very great extent. The very names of the people and the places are enough to arouse the imaginative faculties and emotions. Provence, like Persia, is a sort of enchanted land—a country of dreams, full of romance and wonder—an Armida's garden, where the impossible becomes possible, where women are always beautiful, and men all heroes and poets—and where, if death must enter, it is in no commonplace way, but in some such fashion as to fitly end a life, to be the worthy conclusion of love and life and song. Life and death alike appear to wear their fairest guise in those enchanted places. In writing upon such a subject the great difficulty is how not to disillusionise. The least lack of skill in treatment is fatal to some of the beauty of the picture, and in clumsy hands the result might prove but tedious or ridiculous. Into the Provence of the troubadours only the sympathetic of soul may hope to enter; to the prosaically-minded all would appear indeed barren. Happily for the readers of books, Mr. Hueffer is of the first class, and has been successful in his two tasks—the first, to preserve the sanctity which hallows Provence to its admirers; the second, to make it interesting to those who know little of the courtly singers of the Italian interregnum.

When Schlegel said "everybody talks of the troubadours, and no one knows anything about them," he spoke truly of his time, and the saying would hit home now as then, but with this qualification, that most people now are anxious to learn something about the troubadours. Mr. Hueffer's book was just what was wanted to answer this desire. Though he disavows all effort after scientific exposition, and any wish to be in this instance more than readable, there is throughout the book the feeling so pleasant to a reader, that the promise to be popular is not made because the author could not be anything else, but that behind the easy style and pleasantly narrative chapters

there is hidden the authority of profound scholarship.

A lengthy investigation of the speech of the troubadours is scarcely necessary to the purpose, and to treat such a subject fitly would necessitate a large sacrifice of the space devoted to more important matter. Those who wish to make an exhaustive study of Provençal will find enough in a variety of other authorities, whereas the purpose of Mr. Hueffer's book is to present what is not so easily attainable elsewhere. He is not preparing a grammatical study of the *langue d'oc*, and therefore a very few pages of prefatory philology were quite sufficient for his purpose before proceeding to the more important portion of his task, the presentation to modern eyes of that splendid masque of beauty, love, and song which was played on the world's stage for two most musical centuries in the south of France, some six hundred years ago.

The greater portion of the book is devoted to the literature and the social life of the troubadours, with exhaustive lives of several of the more celebrated amongst them; the remainder being devoted to scientific research on questions of rhyme and rhythm, erudite and deep enough to console those who delight in scientific treatment for the absence of philological matter at the beginning.

Mr. Hueffer opens upon the literature of Provence by discussing the early popular epics, of which, according to one school, there never was any great abundance, while another follows the teachings of Fauriel and loudly wails for perished epic cycles, rivalling in number the *Chansons de Geste* of Northern France or the Cyclic poems of Greece. Of the two most important specimens of Provençal epic now existing—the *Fer-à-bras* and the *Girart de Rossilho*—the latter alone is of genuine Provençal origin; the stirring story of the loves of Guy of Burgundy and the pagan girl Florippe belongs to Northern France, and we might as fairly claim the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* for

English poems on the faith of Chapman's version, as regard the Provençal rendering of *Fer-à-bras* in the light of an original work. But if we have lost the epics of Arnaut Daniel, if the Lancelot which played Galahalt to Francesca and Paolo, is as irrecoverably gone as the *Little Iliad*, we have an ample consolation for the perished portion of Arthurian and Carolingian cycles in the beauty and fire of what Mr. Hueffer calls the artistic epic, of which *Flamenca* is the chief example. As Mr. Hueffer has already made readers of *Macmillan* acquainted with *Flamenca*,¹ there is no need to speak at length of this most exquisite love-story, which seems to hold the whole soul and spirit of Provence between its pages. There is hardly in all literature a more delightful scene than that where the lover in priestly garb exchanges amorous words with the lady of his love under guise of sacred rite. The trinity of modern French romance, *La Femme*, *Le Mari*, *L'Amant*, are as characteristically omnipresent in Provençal story and Provençal life as they are in the Paris of the volumes which flow yellow-covered from the presses of Calman Lévy or Charpentier. But the cynicism of M. Daudet or M. Belot is not to be found in the authors of such joyous love stories as *Flamenca*. The nearest approach to the spirit which animates *Flamenca* that modern France can boast of, is to be met with in some of the best among the *Contes Drolatiques* of Balzac.

Flamenca is unfortunately a fragment, and the world must remain as uncertain of the fate of Guillem and Flamenca, as of the ending of the story of Cambuscan bold. The final fortunes of the picturesque pair of lovers whom, when the story breaks off, we leave in complete happiness, must, unless some perfect manuscript comes to light, remain like *Vivian Grey*, for each reader to conclude according to his will.

In the other narrative and didactic poems of Provence there will be found

¹ *Macmillan* for July, 1877.

something for every taste. The lovers of romance will have the *Roman de Jaufré*, and one or two others; those whom camps delight, and the sound of the trumpet mixed with the cymbal, will have the history of the Navarrese war of 1276-77, and the chronicle of the Albigeois crusade; the *Novas del Heretge* will satisfy the students of monkish tyranny; the story of Boethius, so strangely metamorphosed by the Middle Ages into Virgil, will have its charm for the lovers of philosophical allegory, while lives of saints, and treatises of all kinds and upon all subjects, from love to hunting, and from theology to poetry, remain to satisfy the most omnivorous student of general literature.

But the great bulk of the Provençal poetry is lyrical, and may, in some respects, claim to be the most extraordinary lyrical literature in the world. What Théophile Gautier said of Frederi Mistral, that he had the misfortune to be a great poet in an idiom which is only understood by a limited public, is true also of the early Provençal poets. But they have this wonderful advantage of completeness, of crystallisation as it were, which tends greatly to compensate for their being somewhat out of the track of everyday life. It is said, and truly said, that the Provençal language is exceedingly difficult to learn; but such difficulty as exists need not prove insurmountable to any one blessed with a knowledge of Latin and French, if above all he have happened to read some of the poems of modern Provençal. One great difficulty is not in the way of the aspiring student. With any other literature the history of its growth forms one part of its study; not so in Provençal. While the tongue of Ruteboeuf is not that of Ronsard, or Chaucer's that of Sidney, the first troubadour and the last write much the same sweet tongue in, generally speaking, much the same manner. Thus whoever has grappled with and mastered the occasionally somewhat eccentric grammatical structure

of the old Provençal speech has practically done his task. There need be for him no study of the rise or decline of the language; his labours are ended, and he has nothing to do but to enjoy the literature which has thus been preserved for him, as the body of Julia, daughter of Claudius, was preserved according to old story, to show to a later day what had been the almost immortal beauty of an ancient Roman.

There was undoubtedly much that was favourable to the fostering of song in the troubadours. The thirteenth century in Southern France had many points of resemblance with that of Northern France in the eighteenth. In each case genius or wit found a career open before it, and those social difficulties which in other times and places have served to interfere with the progress of art were in both cases if not actually absent, at least not found to form very formidable barriers to the onward progress of talent. The son of a servant could in sweet Provence rise by his song to name and fame, and boast of the love of queens, as the son of a cutler, some five centuries later, shone in the salons of M. de Choiseul or Mme. de Brancas, and was favoured with the friendship of Catherine of Russia. The courts of the Southern nobles were as hospitable to the wandering poet as the drawing-rooms of Parisian seigneurs and of the Aspasias and Faustinas of Louis Quinze were to the brilliant philosopher, the gay satirist, or the amusing novelist. Provence demanded poetry, Paris asked for wit. Provence, in the person of its lords and ladies, desired to be praised, Paris to be amused; but the principle was just the same. In the same way every now and then genius would forget itself and grow too familiar; then some Rohan would cudgel an Arouet or some Provençal husband pierce the tongue of a Vidal, without either society as a whole departing from the principle of tolerance which served to render the lives of each agreeable.

But if the Provençal aristocracy did

not withhold the bays from the brows of humble aspirants, their influence was so complete as to render the literature entirely a courtly one, and, as a courtly literature of necessity must be, somewhat limited in its methods of expression, and somewhat manneristic in its style. The utterances of the troubadours are as genuinely inspired by art, and as much the spontaneous outflow of a great lyrical epoch as anything to be found in the history of literature. But what was addressed solely to the ears of a cultivated and highly critical audience became of necessity obedient to technical rules, and thus while we have enough courtly poetry to keep a whole academy of poets in ideas for a century, there is a somewhat melancholy absence of the spirit of popular song.

It is much to be regretted that the popular ballad left so little mark upon the literature of Provence, or rather that what still remains of Provençal folklore is so completely altered in its language. There is nothing in old Provençal, for example, to rival the collection of old French songs in Bartsch's *Romanzen und Pastourelles*. Guiraut Riquier's *Pastorals*, in which a knight's hopeless passion for a fair shepherdess is carried on, like one of Dumas's novels, into the old age of lover and beloved, have no false appearance of Watteau-like rusticity about them; they are singularly fresh and sweet, but they can scarcely be said to be people's songs in the sense in which *Es ritten drei Reiter*, or the *Trois Princesses*, or *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington* are so called. The growth of pastoral song in Tuscany, which Mr. Symonds describes so well in his *Sketches in Italy and Greece*, must have had its counterpart in Provence, but the result is lost to us. Of such popular forms as the *Alba* and *Serena*, the songs of morn and even which have served to enshrine some of the most perfect utterances of passion or regret that exist, there are numerous instances, but neither these nor the

Balada, which is invariably in Provençal a song accompanying a dance, exactly answer to what we mean when we speak of the popular poetry of a country.

Among the chapters in Mr. Hueffer's book which will be read with most interest those on the artificial forms of poetry sanctioned by the troubadours must be included. What Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Gosse have done for some of the beautiful forms in which the great French poets cast their songs Mr. Hueffer is anxious to do for the Provençal verse-forms. As far as difficulty of execution goes the Provençal poets must be permitted to carry off the palm of victory. The *ballade* pales its ineffectual fires before the *sestina*; and the difficult rhyming of a *chant royal* seems easy by the side of the eternal rhyming of the true *tenso*. Even Mr. Gosse, who has shown that the dainty French forms of which he is the champion are well suited to English verse, and who has succeeded in gaining mastery over the *chant royal* itself, which since the days of Clement Marot has been practically untouched, would, we fancy, admit that the *tenso* cannot be transplanted from Provence to London. I do not quite understand what Mr. Hueffer would imply when he says that, "As regards the structure of the line and stanza there is no generic mark to distinguish the *tenso* from the *canzo*, the *sirventes*, or any other class of artistic poetry." Surely when a poem is cast in dialogue, and the second speaker must reply to his antagonist in the forms and rhymes he has used, and when, as in the case quoted by Mr. Hueffer, this unity of form and rhyme is kept up throughout a poem of over fifty lines, it may certainly be said to belong to the artificial forms of poetry.

As a supplement to these chapters upon the poetical form of the troubadours, Mr. Hueffer gives at the end of his book an exceedingly interesting study upon versification, which is in itself a complete treatise upon poetry.

The manner in which Mr. Hueffer shows the connection between the metrical systems of the *Lingua Romana* and the laws laid down in Dante's great treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentia* is at once masterly and unique, and these chapters will prove a perfect quarry of information to the student in rhythms.

It is curious that one of the most favoured forms in poetry, the sonnet, seems to have been unknown to the troubadours. There is extant one specimen in Provençal, but it is the work of the Italian poet Dante da Majano, and no more tends to prove the recognition of such a form in Provence than would a sonnet in Latin prove the sonnet to have been favoured by Catullus.

It would be interesting to learn from Mr. Hueffer how much of the fantastic rhyming of the Provençal poets, rhyming which would have bewildered Henri de Croy himself, is a direct inheritance from the later Latin. The repetition of the opening words of one line at the conclusion of the next, which Ovid occasionally permitted to himself, and which Martial made some use of, became in the poetry of Pentadius a mannerism to which we probably owe the repetitions and overwords which are so frequent in Provençal, and which make gracious the *triolet*, *rondeau*, and *rondel* of Northern France. In the same way the "overwords" of *alba* and *serena*, of *ballade* and *chant royal*, seem a distinct transmission of the choral repetitions of which so fine an example is to be found in the

"Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet,"

of the *Pervigilium Veneris*.

It would be unfair to speak of Mr. Hueffer's account of the Provençal poetry without giving some specimen of his ability to present it to his readers in English. Let me quote for this purpose his translation of part of a *canzo* of Beatrice de Die, in which she regrets with a tender and plaintive melancholy, and a most pathetic lack

of dignity, the falseness of her unworthy lover, the pitiful Rambaut of Orange, who played Phaon to this Provençal Sappho.

"It is in vain, this silence I must break;
The fault of him I love moves me to speak.
Dearer than all the world he is to me;
But he regards not truth nor courtesy,
Nor wisdom, nor my worth, nor all my beauty—

He has deceived me. Such my fate should be,
If I had failed to him in loving duty.

"Oh, strange and past belief, that in disdain
Your heart, O friend, should look upon my pain;

That now another love should conquer you,
For all that I may say, that I may do.

Have you forgotten the first sweet communion

Of our two hearts? now sorely would I rue
If by my guilt were caused this last disunion.

"The noble worth, the valour you possess,
Your fame and beauty add to my distress.
For far and near the noble ladies all,
If love can move them, listen to your call.
But you, my friend, whose soul is keenest sighted,

Must know who loves you, and is true withal.

And ah! Remember now the troth we plighted."

Of the troubadours themselves, Mr. Hueffer gives several biographies, but this portion of his work might perhaps have been a little fuller. We miss Jaufre Rudel, whose melancholy story of devotion to the Lady of Tripoli has been the delight of poets from Petrarch to Browning. But the author would probably, and with considerable justice, reply that in the space at his disposal it was impossible to even mention, far from do justice to, the several hundred poets whose voices swell the choir of Provençal song, and that under the circumstances it was better to treat a few of the more prominent figures, such as Guillem de Cabestanh, who represents devoted passion, Peire Vidal, the most eccentric of inspired madmen, the Monk of Montaudon, who presents the sensual humours of a poetical Friar Tuck, Folquet of Marseilles, the disappointed lover and zealous churchman, Bertrand de Born, the war poet, Guillem Figueira, the Provençal

Villon, Peire Cardinal, the cultured pessimist, and Beatrice de Die, the most worthy of women troubadours. In these we get the prominent features of troubadour life, and when taken in combination with the chapters upon the social position of the troubadours, the reader is enabled to get a very perfect picture of what the *Provincia* of the Cæsars was in the days when the *Lingua Romana* was still the living language of great poets. I may however warn the poetically (or perhaps I should say the sentimentally minded) who come to Mr. Hueffer's book unprepared by any previous study of Diez, that they will meet with one heavy disappointment. The Courts of Love, which have been the delight of youth since the days of Philogenet and Rosial, fall before Mr. Hueffer's relentless criticism as the magic castle in the story vanished at the pronouncing of the charm. All those to whom André le Chapelain is a sort of saint, and Martial D'Auvergne a master, who have learned the twenty statutes of Chaucer, and fancied, in common however with so good a judge as Wharton, that these were the very

laws of old Provence—must bow their heads before the spirit of criticism, as it sweeps away one more of the pleasing hallucinations, which, like the sea-serpent or the Will of Peter the Great, are to certain minds so potent in their attraction. For these the best consolation to be offered is to be found in the pages of Massinger, where, if nowhere else, these picturesque tribunals are for the moment real.

Mr. Hueffer has certainly written his name up among the great Provençal scholars. As an entertaining volume on one of the most fascinating epochs in art, an epoch to which so much of the eloquence of the Renaissance is undoubtedly owing, and whose influence upon the kindred European countries M. Baret has so carefully worked out, his book deserves a place with any of the works of the cultured and æsthetical school of criticism, while as a historical essay it fills up a blank long vacant in English literature, and is an essential complement to the materials already in existence for the study of the Renaissance.

JUSTIN H. M'CARTHY.

THE PLANTIN MUSEUM.

PASSING through Antwerp some years ago, I was anxious to ascertain the truth of the statement that the printing-office of Christopher Plantin, whose fame in the sixteenth century spread over Europe, still remained in all its antique integrity, unchanged by the lapse of centuries. Its very existence, notwithstanding Dr. Dibdin's notice in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, seemed unknown even to those most interested in typographical antiquities; and out of the thousands of summer visitors who year after year flocked through the old city, not one cast a glance at this remarkable mansion, in which a vivid picture of the inner life of the sixteenth century has been preserved through the constant changes of ten generations, and through the fierce storms of religious reformation and political revolution.

Although difficult of access, I succeeded in obtaining admission. My inspection was rapid, and necessarily superficial, but I came away deeply impressed with the absorbing interest concentrated in the quaint old building, and feeling as if I had lived that chapter from the *Arabian Nights* where Zobeide enters the petrified city, and passing through streets and palaces, sees the most luxurious appliances of daily life everywhere ready for use, but meets with no living creature to enjoy them. So here, in this Maison Plantin, once the residence and *atelier* of a substantial burgher, was everything ready for immediate use, abundance of type, numerous presses, and all that goes to make a complete printing-office, even to "copy" on the compositors' frames; but all life had vanished, and solitude reigned supreme, except that one bent old workman, who seemed specially placed there to carry out the Zobeide parallel, potted about an old wooden press, like the

ghost of Plantin himself mourning over departed glories.

In 1875, a year or two after my visit, the town council of Antwerp, after long and mature deliberation, decided to purchase the mansion and its contents, and to open the whole to the public as the "Plantin Museum." The price agreed upon seemed at first sight astounding, being no less than 1,200,000 francs or 48,000*l.* sterling. Where could there be found in any old printing-office value for that amount? The authorities, however, knew well what they were about, and there can be no doubt that if the contents had been put up to public auction, a much larger sum would certainly have been realised. The public spirit which voted so large a sum out of the burghers' pockets reflects the highest honour upon the generosity and foresight of the Antwerp citizens, whose city, already a paradise for the antiquarian and art-loving visitor, has now received an additional attraction. A full account of the treasures thus acquired has just been written by M. Léon Degeorge,¹ in a most interesting and complete shape. From this, after a few preliminary remarks, we will endeavour to give a taste, and but a taste, of the rich feast spread by the burghers of Antwerp for the free enjoyment of this and future generations.

Bruges, sleepy old Bruges, was in the latter half of the fifteenth century the very centre of the life, trade, and civilisation of Flanders. The art of printing was at an early period introduced into the city. There flourished the famous but unfortunate Typographer, Colard Mansion, and there our own Caxton learnt "at grete coste" the new art, which was

¹ *La Maison Plantin à Anvers*, par Léon Degeorge. Bruxelles, 8vo, 1878; 2nd ed. (128 pp.)

destined to make his name honoured and famous wherever the English tongue is spoken. A sad reverse however awaited the royal city, for in the beginning of the next century, when the revolt of the citizens was crushed, they were deprived by the Emperor Maximilian of all their privileges, which were transferred to the city of Antwerp. There, in a rapidly growing and prosperous community, many famous printers arose, whose names still exist as household words among bibliographers: Gerard Leuw, Van der Goes, Back, Vosterman, Van der Haegen, and others. And there, about the year 1550, a young French bookseller, named Christopher Plantin, established himself in a small shop, *près la Bourse neuve*. His wife sold linen, and he bound books as well as sold them. The learned Graphæus employed him as a binder, and, pleased with his integrity and industry, assisted him with capital, so that in 1555 Plantin, who was a skilled typographer, was enabled to start a complete printing-office. Thence issued his maiden work, a short essay upon the education of girls, which, in a dedication written by himself, he calls "the first bloom from the garden of his printing-house"—a garden which soon was to yield a grand supply of both fruit and blossom. Intelligence and industry met with their usual reward, and in two years Plantin's business had so increased that he moved to new and more extensive premises, known as the "Golden Unicorn." Here great prosperity attended his steps, and in 1579 he purchased the building in the *Marché de Vendredi*, which has ever since been associated with his name, and there placed over the portal his famous device, a hand issuing from a cloud and holding a pair of compasses. The motto he chose was *Labore et Constantia*, the fixed limb of the compass representing steadiness, and the moving limb, diligence.

We will not dwell further on the successful career of Christopher Plantin. In 1589 he died, the richest as

well as the most famous printer in Europe, having been intimately connected with all the master-minds of his age, and having contributed greatly to the advancement of learning and the restoration of a pure text to the Greek and Latin classics. "Never," says the Italian historian Guicciardini, when speaking of the Plantin printing-office, then in its zenith, "never was seen before so large and so varied a collection of types and presses, of matrices, of ornaments, and of all sorts of typographical appliances and instruments; nor indeed so many able workmen skilled in the knowledge and use of so priceless a collection."

One of Plantin's two daughters married John Moretus, the chief associate of her father in his typographical labours, to whom he bequeathed the mansion and the business. From him through seven generations of printers it has descended unchanged to Edward Joseph Moretus, the last of his race, who has lately transferred it to the safe custody of the city of Antwerp.

Let us now endeavour to gain an idea, however inadequate, of the various possessions for which so large a sum has been given.

I. The mansion: a fine quadrangular building of the fifteenth century, the façade of which was restored in 1761.—It comprises the dwelling apartments, the foundry, the composing-rooms, the pressroom, reading-rooms, libraries, archives, and other offices, just as they existed in the palmiest days of Plantin's career.

Entering under the arched gateway, the quadrangle has a charming effect. The walls between the windows are ornamented with carved niches, in which are the busts of celebrated printers, several of them embowered by nature's own hand in framework of vine-leaves and tendrils which still spring from the original stock, planted more than 300 years ago by the hand of Plantin himself.

II. Paintings and engravings.—The oil-paintings are both numerous and valuable, all but six being portraits

either of the family or of celebrated persons connected with Plantin and his labours. Eighteen are by Rubens, who seems to have been a frequent visitor to the "Maison Plantin," and whose receipts for sums of money paid him are still preserved in the archives. The most noteworthy portraits are those of Christopher Plantin, his wife, his daughter Martine, his son-in-law Moretus, Ortelius, Justus Lipsius, and Arias Montanus, the celebrated editor of the great Polyglott Bible, printed for the King of Spain and known as the Antwerp Polyglott. There are seventeen other portraits, of which we will only mention Balthasar Moretus, a splendid specimen of Van Dyck's powers, the remainder being mostly by Pombus—some of them remarkably good.

The prints are very numerous, all very fine, and mostly very rare. There are many large portfolios full of engravings after Rubens, Teniers, Van Dyck, and Jordaens. Others are filled with the works of Cris. de Pass, De Galle, Sadeler, and other engravers, all being proofs before letters, and in the finest possible condition. Here is a precious collection of 400 original sketches by various old masters, of which eleven are by Rubens, as testified by his autograph. Perhaps the most precious, however, as well as the most rare, is a small lot of six engravings by Peeter Boel, entitled *Diversi Ucelli*, all in the finest possible state. Next we notice *La petite Passion* of Albert Dürer, in fifteen plates, engraved by Van Leyden, and sixty portraits of the Dukes of Brabant and the Counts of Flanders; with many others too numerous to specify here.

III. The Library.—To give a faint description of the 10,000 books here assembled together would require a separate essay. In the very short list given by M. Léon Degeorge it would have been delightful to recognise a "Caxton" or two; but very few books from the Westminster press passed over the seas in Plantin's time, and not one is found here, although a con-

necting link with them is preserved in a fine copy of *Les Dicts des Philosophes*, printed at Bruges about 1475 by Colard Mansion. A translation of this very book was the earliest dated book from Caxton's press, and was entitled, *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophes*. Of Plantin's *magnum opus*, the celebrated Polyglott Bible, edited by Montanus, there are three copies here, one of which is printed on vellum. The work extends to eight large folio volumes, printed in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac. The composition of the types and the correction of the proofs occupied forty compositors for four years, the workmen having to serve a kind of apprenticeship before they became capable of taking a part in the work. The total cost was reckoned by Plantin to be 40,000 crowns. A fine copy on vellum, belonging to Earl Spencer, with autograph corrections by the celebrated Justus Lipsius, was exhibited at the Caxton Celebration last year. Other books dear to the bibliographer are Pfister's Bible, 1459; a Sarum Breviary from the press of Theod. Martens of Louvaine, one of a large and extremely interesting collection of rare missals and breviaries; a vellum Cicero, 1466, by John Fust; numerous *editiones principes* of the classics; and lastly, an extensive assemblage of books, of tracts, and of placards, many unique, illustrative of the contemporary history of Belgium.

The manuscripts are in number about 200, several being of great rarity. In any collection of MSS. the most common are those of the fifteenth century, works of the fourteenth being rare, and of the ages before that extremely rare. Yet several here were written in the twelfth, tenth, and even ninth centuries. One, entitled *Carmen Paschale*, has special interest for the English philologist, having an extensive gloss in Anglo-Saxon, the characters being of the tenth century, and probably written in this country. A similar work, a *Priscianus* of the same period, has also an Anglo-Saxon gloss. Of

fifteenth-century work there is a splendid Bible, richly illuminated with large, highly-finished paintings; it is dated 1402, and is quite a treasury of art. As might be expected from the reputation of the Plantin press for classical literature, the most numerous among the manuscripts are those of the Greek and Latin authors. These indeed were of vital importance for collating the various texts, and for determining the true reading of disputed or corrupted passages.

Probably no part of the "Maison Plantin" will excite more interest than

IV. The Archives.—Here are preserved the account-books and other documents connected with the establishment, from its commencement up to a recent date. Here are the journals complete, beginning at the year 1566, in which may be seen the purchases and sales of any intermediate period. Here, too, are the great memorandum books containing notes-of-hand from Rubens; particulars of all the work for which estimates were required, and all the payments by Philip of Spain. As a sure guide to the position of the workmen in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, we have the wages-books complete, showing the weekly earnings of compositors, pressmen, engravers, and bookbinders over a period of three centuries. Then what can we say in estimating the interest of the same extent of letter-books in which is preserved the correspondence of the house? The number of autograph letters is beyond belief, and all are carefully and chronologically docketed; the autographs of kings, statesmen, philosophers, historians, and artists are preserved side by side with the most illustrious printers of France, Germany, Italy, England, and Spain. Very few of them have been edited, and many will throw quite a new light upon the literary questions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the same collection are found royal diplomas, inventories, wills, genealogies, accounts of travel on business,

and family matters, and lastly a long autobiography of Plantin himself, in which he narrates the hopes and fears, the disappointments and successes of fifteen eventful years. One of the letters above mentioned supplies an interesting fact in Plantin's life. The French King sent letters patent, appointing him "King's Printer," a very lucrative as well as honourable position. Plantin, however, by the advice of the Spanish ambassador, declined the honour, satisfied with the title he already had of "Architypographus" to Philip II. of Spain. The Duke of Savoy and Piedmont also wished for his services, and there is his letter inviting Plantin to Turin. The Duke offered to purchase at Plantin's own price his whole establishment, and to present him with 1,000 gold crowns as a bonus; he promised to erect new and extensive printing-offices at Turin, over which Plantin was to be the presiding genius, with *carte blanche* as to expense. Nothing, however, could tempt Plantin from the city of his adoption, and this noble offer was also declined.

Reverting to our account of the museum, a few lines must suffice to notice the valuable collection of Sèvres, Chinese, and Japanese porcelain. Some years ago a well-known amateur, distracted by the beauty of six cups and saucers in *porcelaine verte de chine*, offered Mr. Moretus 15,000 francs for the set, but in vain; and these cups, which 50*l.* each would not buy, still grace the Plantin Museum. The valuable cabinets of medals and the collection of minerals must be only mentioned, for we have still to pass through

V. The Printing-offices.—In the composing-room, which is capitolily lighted by side windows, stand numerous frames, the cases still heavy with the types cast centuries ago in the adjoining foundry. The *visorium* still holds the "copy" in the position easiest for the workmen; the composing-sticks with the types still in them, the matter standing in the galleys ready

to be made up, the formes leaning against the wall ready for press—all serve to delude the visitor into the belief that it is merely “dinner-time,” and that soon the hum of business will re-animate the empty rooms. The pressroom has the same air of intermitted work, although out of the seventeen presses, which in 1576 were seen at work by De Thou, only five now remain. Two of these are as old as the sixteenth century, and all but one, which is used for the purposes of the museum administration, are unfit for work.

But what have we here in all these curiously-carved old cabinets, a single one of which would make a Soho dealer famous? Shelves upon shelves of woodcuts, over 15,000, illustrating three centuries of the engraver's art. All sizes of floriated initials, “blossoming capitals” as the Dutch called them; an infinity of head and tail-pieces, vignettes, printer's marks, and what the French style *culs de lampes*. One magnificent set of large illuminated initials, probably designed for a great missal, is quite fresh from the hand of the engraver, having never been used; while numerous designs, although beautifully drawn upon the wood, have still to wait for the skilful hand of the engraver. Not woodcuts only, but about 8,000 copper-plates are also carefully preserved, including many splendid title-pages and other illus-

trations used in bygone ages. In a specially-designed and beautifully-carved closet are kept all the punches, matrices, and moulds which performed no small part in enhancing the fame of the “Plantin press.” Probably nothing like it can be seen in Europe, the major part having come from the graceful hands of Guillaume le Bé and Claude Garamond. Close by, packed up in papers ready for immediate use, are a ton or two of types of all sizes, brand-new, covered with a hundred years of dust.

And now an ending must be made, for time would fail to recount half the attractions of this wonderful collection; so we must pass undescribed the grand readers' table sculptured specially by Quellin, where the learned Montanus and Kilianus corrected Arabic proofs, and Raphelengius, steeped to the lips in Greek and Hebrew, laboured over the endless succession of prolix glosses. Nor must we be tempted even by the carved desk, with “twisted legs and little arches,” used by Plantin himself, and upon which his scissors and his brass reading-lamp still remain, but must make our exit, thankful in heart to the citizens of Antwerp for the rich treat they have thrown open for the general instruction, and delighted that the task of describing such treasures has been so well executed by M. Léon Degeorge.

WILLIAM BLADES.

A CHARACTER.

Now that his soul is born in other worlds,
 We may unroll the story of his life,
 And lay it out before us, as a chart
 Of which each line is plain, each path is marked
 To guide our footsteps to the self-same goal,—
 And let no sorrow veil and dim our eyes
 With useless tears, but let our sight be keen
 And curious, so to learn the lesson best.

Born in the arms of Fortune, raised from earth
 By soft-winged Luxury, he well might feel
 Contentment, for the world was fair to see,
 And good to touch;—in short, what would he more?
 "Nothing," his body answered. For his soul,
 We think it slept,—say, rather ne'er had waked,
 Being lulled always with low melodies,
 And softly-shifting beauty. Of his face,
 You may see hundreds like it in the streets
 Of laughing Oxford:—finely cut, and fair,
 With grave blue eyes, too weary to be cold,
 Or aught but courteous; for indeed we know
 Our young men find it hard to love or hate:
 It takes a nervous action of the mind,
 And so is wearisome. Your negative state,
 Enduring all, holds more philosophy,
 Because less action,—'tis contemplative,—
 Of *what* we know not. But to draw his face,
 His mouth's disfigured by some little trace
 Of cynic scorn. Yet you would truly say—
 A gallant English gentleman. Perhaps
 A trifle too self-conscious, too content
 To be horizoned by his inner self;
 But still swayed always by high impulses
 Of clear-eyed Honour. Thus he lived and moved.

Have you this picture clearly in your minds?
 Turn now in silence,—gaze upon his face
 Masked marble in the Sphinx-like calm of death,
 And read the changes.

'Tis a young face still;
 But scarred from life's sore battle. Here are furrows
 Of noble discontent, and biting pain,
 As of a two-edged mind that hews its way
 Right sharply to the light through blinding folds
 Of sense and matter. We would have you mark

Taat over all there broods a harvest glow
 Of ripely mellowed sweetness. You would say—
 This man has probed the utmost blackest depths
 Of human wickedness, and still can smile!
 He may himself have fallen, for no scorn,
 But only sadness greets us from his brows,
 And yet he smiles,—and seems to stand half way
 Between the earth and heaven, so to cheer
 And strengthen those who fall.

And that's the look
 His face wears now, and we will pause to think
 One moment how so great a change was wrought;
 Not sadly, but with interest grave and calm,
 As those who count a precious store of gold
 Of their possession.

Briefly, hence the change.
 His eyes were opened—he but saw the fact
 That he himself was nothing, God was all;
 That his possessions, wealth, and intellect
 Were trusts from God, meant merely for this end—
 To work some use—some purpose in the world
 (Which is but rudely quarried in our age
 Toward the fair temple it will grow some day).
 For—bear in mind—each action,—nay, each thought
 Of man, works like a mason on the blocks,
 Shaping, or else defacing. 'Tis his doom;
 He cannot fly responsibility.
 Not much, you'll say, to learn. But have you thought
 Of all the fact includes? We think you have not.
 Being so blessed, pity had tender birth
 Within his heart, for all whose clouded skies
 Withhold the light. What scorning could he have
 For this poor world, so infinitely sad,
 And all its millions toiling in the dark?
 Love bade him look upon the heart of things.
 Armed him with sword and shield, and sent him forth
 A true knight-errant.

After war comes peace;
 And now we leave him to his well-earned rest—
 The rest of labour done, and yet to do.
 He fought the harder battle with himself.
 We too can conquer likewise, if we learn
 The same grand lesson—Love is all in all.

LILY M. MORESBY.

BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SINCE the "Great Reform Bill" of 1832, the House of Commons, moved by periodical fits of virtue, has made sundry attempts at internal reform, mainly with the intention of introducing greater order, regularity, and certainty into the transaction of its ordinary business. From time to time it has appointed Select Committees with these objects in view, and has chosen the members of such Committees from among the most experienced of its own body. From these have emanated many suggestions which have been adopted, and not a few which have been rejected, when submitted to the decision of the House itself, whilst some proposals, though embodied in the reports of Committees, have never been carried further. As, however, the general result of the course pursued by the House has undoubtedly been in the direction of improvement, it is not surprising that the same should have been followed in consequence of the difficulties which have arisen during the last and present sessions. No longer ago than 1871 sat the last of the above-mentioned Committees, and proposed some not inconsiderable alterations in procedure. These, however, having either already fallen into disuse, or having been found insufficient to remove the evils complained of in the present system, a Committee has again been appointed this year, and has just made its report to the House. This Committee was appointed on January 24th, upon the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, couched in the same terms as that which recommended the appointment of the Committee of 1871, namely, "To consider the best means of promoting the despatch of public business in this House." In making his motion, Sir Stafford Northcote distinctly stated that the

proposals which he should have to submit on the part of the Government were "not with the view of meeting what is called wilful obstruction," but solely "with a view to the simplification of, and the attainment of rather more certainty in, the business brought before the House." This intention, however, was changed by the progress of events during the sitting of the Committee, and we find one at least of its resolutions framed with an evident intention of "meeting what is called wilful obstruction." In considering, then, the report before us, we must at once draw a distinction between a resolution of this character and proposals which have for their object only the facilitating the transaction of public business by the alteration and simplifying of existing rules.

In the one case the Committee only attempt a remodelling and rearrangement of a system which, from one cause or another, may well require periodical revision, and in which the convenience of the legislative body is perhaps more directly concerned than the interests of the public. In the other case, the public and the individual constituencies are much more deeply interested, because, whether of necessity or not, the rights of individual members and of the House itself, are limited by the proposal of the Committee, and a constituency may at any moment find its representative deprived of the power of speaking and voting, and that for an offence which, however grave in the eyes of the majority of the House of Commons, may not appear of equal magnitude to those who sent him there. The Committee propose:—

"That whenever any Member shall have been named by the Speaker or by the Chairman of a Committee of the whole House, as disregarding the authority of the Chair, or

abusing the rules of the House, by persistently and wilfully obstructing the business of the House or otherwise, the Speaker or Chairman may, after the Member named shall, if he desire it, have been heard in explanation for a period of time not exceeding ten minutes, put the Question, no amendment or debate being allowed, 'that such Member be suspended from the service of the House during the remainder of that day's sitting.'

Up to the present time the fearful consequences of being "named by the Speaker" have never been accurately ascertained, but it will be observed that in the above resolution they are specially defined, whilst, also for the first time, the "Chairman of a Committee of the whole House" is put upon an equality with the Speaker, and is to be intrusted with the like powers.

In fact, this resolution teems with innovations. Besides those upon which we have just remarked, the following must be noted:—

1st. A new offence—that is to say, "Abusing the Rules of the House"—is created, and not only so, but its interpretation and definition is, by the words "*or otherwise*," entirely left to the discretion of the Speaker or Chairman for the time being.

2nd. This being the case, the Member whom the occupant of the Chair may have named as guilty of this offence is specially invited by the resolution to argue with and against the Chair, instead of, as at present, at once submitting to the authority of the Chair when ruled to be out of order.

3rd. For the first time a limitation to the speeches of Members is to be introduced, the "named" Member being allowed to speak "in explanation" for "a period of time not exceeding ten minutes."

4th. The House is asked to deprive itself of the power of holding any debate whatever before it decides upon the propriety of inflicting a severe punishment upon one of its Members.

5th. A particular punishment is enjoined upon the House, which has

hitherto punished offenders against its authority by various methods and in different degrees. Of course the House does not deprive itself of the absolute power of inflicting other or further punishment, but when one particular form has been thus indicated by special resolution, it is little likely that resort will practically be had to any other.

It may well be imagined that a resolution of a character at once so novel and so stringent was hardly likely to be unanimously adopted by the Committee. Accordingly we find a broad issue raised by an amendment moved by Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, to the following effect:—

"That the House possesses an inherent power over its Members which cannot be usefully limited or directed by any special resolution upon the question of obstruction."

Upon this the Committee divided as follows:—

Ayes.

Mr. Dodson.
Mr. Anderson.
Mr. Newdegate.
Mr. Beresford-Hope.
Mr. Rathbone.
Mr. Parnell.
Sir Charles Dilke.
Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen.

Noes.

Lord Hartington.
Sir W. Barttelot.
Mr. Mowbray.
Mr. Goldney.
Mr. Whitbread.
Mr. D. Plunkett.
Mr. Sampson-Lloyd.
Sir Graham Montgomery.

And the resolution was only carried by the casting vote of the Chairman, Sir Stafford Northcote.

It will of course be observed, with regard to the amendment thus rejected, that the majority who opposed it must not be considered as intending to deny the inherent power of the House over its Members, but as rather wishing to increase that power by making possible its more summary exercise. The main difference between them and the supporters of the amendment appears, on the face of it, to be this: the latter believe that, even at the risk of some

delay in the infliction of a deserved punishment, it is better, First—to leave to the discretion of the House to deal separately with each separate case which may arise, without binding itself to one unvarying procedure. Second—not to prevent debate upon so important a question as the deprivation of a representative of the people of his representative functions. On the other hand, the advocates of the new rule are of opinion that the inherent power of the House requires to be sharpened, strengthened, and defined, so that it may not be trifled with, and that to secure this object it is worth while to restrict discussion in a manner to which they would submit upon no other consideration.

For be it observed that the same Committee which in this resolution proposes to *allow no debate at all* when the question is one of suspending a brother Member from all Parliamentary functions, rejected by thirteen to two the following very moderate proposal for an approach to that “*clôture*” which exists in every other legislative assembly, and which, had the principle been admitted, might have been applied upon these very occasions of “*wilful obstruction*” if upon any particular occasion it appeared requisite that no debate should take place.

“That the power of formally closing a debate, and coming to a decision upon the main question before it, is one which, *with certain restrictions*, might be beneficially exercised by the House.”

Since, then, it appears to be the object of the majority of the Committee to come down with a heavy hand and a sharp blow against those who “*wilfully obstruct*” business, and that in order to do this they are prepared for the first time in our parliamentary history deliberately to forbid the House of Commons to debate, let us inquire whether the means by which they propose to accomplish their object are really likely to prove certain and effectual.

It is not clear from the resolution whether, after the offending Member

has exhausted his ten minutes of explanation, the occupant of the Chair is to be permitted to say anything by way of comment or judgment upon such explanation. If so, there will be something curious and novel, if not unseemly, in the spectacle of an argument between the Speaker or Chairman and one Member of the House, from which every other Member is peremptorily excluded. If, on the other hand, the question, if put at all (for this appears to be left to the discretion of the occupant of the Chair), is to be put without any rejoinder from the latter, the accused Member will be left with the last word, and he may well have advanced something in his defence upon which the House would desire some further discussion before coming to a decision. The admission of the general principle of *clôture* would have permitted this discussion to take place or not at the discretion of the House; and the rule enacts the *clôture* without leaving the House any discretion at all in the matter.

But let us suppose that these difficulties are practically found to be trifling, and that the preliminary stages of the proposed new course of procedure are passed with the utmost expedition contemplated by its authors. Is there no greater difficulty behind?

Unless the Member who had been “*named*” stood alone, or almost alone, in his view of the case, the difficulties would in fact only have commenced. If a minority, consisting of only a very small number of Members, dissented from the view of the majority and disapproved the suspension of the Member in question, they would in all probability proceed to show that disapproval in a practical fashion. Few questions could be found more exciting than that of the suspension of a brother Member, and those who (however mistaken they might be in their opinion) deemed that suspension wrong, would beyond all doubt feel justified in using every effort permitted by the forms of

the House to mitigate the severity and obviate the consequences of the punishment. Frequent adjournments would be moved, the scene which had just taken place would, without infringement of any rule, be alleged as a justification for such adjournment, and unless the House is prepared to go much further than its Committee, and forbid, not only any allusion to the suspension which has been enforced, but any motion for adjournment during the same evening, the probable effect of the new rule would be to prevent the transaction of any business during that sitting of the House. Indeed, there would be no necessity for the minority to allude to the suspension, although it might be perfectly well understood that this was their real reason for moving the adjournment of any or every question which subsequently came before the House. Unless, therefore, some form of *clôture* were introduced, or some additional regulations made, the new rule might, and indeed in all probability would, lead to a greater obstruction of public business than that which had been caused by the offending member.

The truth is that no arbitrary rule, short of *clôture*, can be made which cannot be practically evaded, and no Member can be individually dealt with by any such rule without an inconvenience which may be greater than the original evil. The *clôture*, indeed, whatever its disadvantages, would silence an obstructing Member without making him a martyr, and, if only permitted when supported by a certain number—say two-thirds of those voting, would in most cases be a safe and easy remedy for obstruction. Of course it may, and often has been, answered, that the *clôture* would be a dangerous weapon to trust in the hands of a majority. This is undeniable, supposing the majority to be unscrupulous, unprincipled, indiscreet, tyrannical, and capricious. But have these been the usual characteristics of the House of Commons?

To every proposal which has been made for greater stringency in its rules, it has always been replied that much may and must be left to "the discretion of the House," and yet this discretion cannot be trusted in such a matter as that of deciding when a debate may fairly be stopped and a decision taken upon any question under discussion! Yet it would seem that every argument which can be used against the *clôture* can be used with far greater force against the proposed new rule, which is to be enforced by a bare majority of the House, and may be used in a manner utterly subversive of that freedom of speech which we are so fond of parading as one of the chief glories of the British Parliament. No one will doubt the judgment, discretion, forbearance, and impartiality of the present Speaker, nor would any one suspect Mr. Raikes of any desire to make an unfair use of the power proposed to be placed in his hands. But we are to legislate, not only for the present moment, but for future sessions and future Parliaments, and it may well happen that in times of great political excitement, the possession of this power would be regarded with great jealousy by the public and attended with grave inconvenience to the very functionaries in whom it is to be vested.

They will, indeed, be called upon to decide that question which has been the real stumblingblock before the Committee during its whole existence, namely, the question as to what is legitimate and what illegitimate obstruction. For, indeed, it can hardly be denied that there is a species of obstruction not only legitimate, but which has on many occasions greatly conduced to the improvement of legislation, and which has nevertheless, at the time of its occurrence, been regarded with great dissatisfaction by the majority of the House of Commons in which it has taken place. Obstruction is not of necessity an evil, and if, owing to its introduction, important measures have been altered in material

particulars, it is hardly fair to deny that in such cases it has been to a great extent justified.

But that which we may consider to have been justifiable when we look back upon it as a matter of history might, and probably would, have appeared to us in a contrary light at the moment of its occurrence. It would, however, have to be dealt with at that very moment under the new rule, and one of two evils may be apprehended. The Speaker or Chairman might either be inclined to give way to the temptation of suppressing a tedious and unpopular member when a minority were opposed to such a proceeding sufficient in number to cause grave inconvenience by their opposition, or what is even more likely, the occupant of the Chair, feeling the great additional responsibility cast upon him by the rule, might shrink from calling Members to order, and allow a greater laxity of debate than is desirable for the satisfactory conduct of public business. In any case, the tendency of this or any other special new rule upon the subject of obstruction is to bring the Speaker or Chairman into personal collision with unruly Members, and to place a power in the hands of the Chair which has hitherto been exercised by the House itself upon the invitation of its Leader. Indeed one of the chief features of the proposed new arrangement is the manner in which the existence of such an individual as the Leader of the House is wholly ignored.

The initiative of putting a stop to disorderly proceedings naturally belongs to the Speaker or Chairman in ordinary cases, but one of the special functions of the Leader of the House has hitherto been to come to the assistance of the Chair in cases of emergency, and to advise and direct the House upon any occasions of special difficulty, when it may have seemed necessary to step beyond that regular course of procedure of which the Speaker is the constituted guardian.

This indeed was felt by the Chancellor of the Exchequer only last year,

when he gave notice of a motion to the effect that an Hon. Member had been guilty of contempt of the House, and should be suspended from his functions as a Member for a specified time. As Sir Stafford Northcote subsequently withdrew his motion, it is not our province to discuss here whether it was right or wrong in substance, but its fatal weakness consisted in the fact that, instead of calling for the judgment of the House upon the whole conduct of the offending Member, it recited, and proposed to condemn him for having uttered certain words, which were of themselves perfectly legitimate. The matter was suffered to drop, and an idea seems thenceforward to have prevailed that, without some new rule, the House has insufficient power to control its Members and prevent obstruction, whereas the truth is that the matter was never fairly brought to a test, owing to the above-mentioned error in Sir Stafford Northcote's proposition, which, apart from the actual merits of the case, prevented its receiving that general support, without which no such motion could be pressed. We contend, however, that the duties of the Leader of the House are not merely to arrange the order of public business, and to wind up debates on behalf of the Government, but to maintain and support the authority of the Chair in cases of emergency, to take from the Speaker the invidious duty of inviting the House to proceed to extraordinary action against any of its Members who may have rendered himself liable to censure, and, when necessary, to propose, and direct the House in, the exercise of those inherent powers which it undoubtedly possesses.

It is scarcely probable that a resolution passed by so slender a majority, and upon so important a subject, will be brought by its authors before the House for sanction and adoption, unless, indeed, the recurrence or increase of obstruction should create in its favour a stronger opinion in the House than

prevailed in the Committee. The resolution, however, and the two paragraphs in the report which specially refer to it, stand as a fair warning to any Members or section of Members who may be inclined to obstructive practices, that such will not be tolerated by the House. Indeed it would be a mistake to suppose that the minority who opposed the resolution of the Chancellor of the Exchequer were, any more than the majority, enamoured of obstruction, and although there is certainly a strong feeling, both in and out of the House, in favour of preserving the rights of minorities and the utmost freedom of speech compatible with the due transaction of public business, it is no less beyond doubt that there are limits of forbearance which may be passed, and that if obstruction, palpably wilful and persistent, be once brought under the notice of the House, regard for its own dignity, its utility as a machine for the performance of the business of the country, and the estimation which it desires to hold and has hitherto held in public estimation, must force it to visit with swift and sharp retribution those whose action would injuriously affect its position in all these particulars.

Apart from the question of obstruction, which, as we have already said, was not originally intended to have been part of the programme of the Committee, their time appears to have been usefully occupied in discussing and adopting amendments in the procedure of the House. The main points of their discussion may be divided under two heads—those which related to the question of Supply, and those which concerned that portion of business which is in the hands of private Members.

There can be no doubt that the system under which the House now grants Supply to Her Majesty is, and has long been, most unsatisfactory. One of the principal functions of the Members of the House of Commons is to watch over the public purse, scruti-

nise the money votes demanded by the executive Government, and check any tendency to undue or extravagant expenditure. But in order that this function may be efficiently discharged, it is necessary that Members should know the time at which the Estimates will be taken in Supply. Instead of this being the case, there is no part of the business of the House which is so uncertain. It is a constitutional maxim "as old as the hills" that "Grievance precedes Supply," and upon this foundation has been raised a huge fabric of inconvenience which constitutes a greater grievance to the public than ninety-nine out of a hundred of those for which obedience to this maxim obtains a hearing.

Every species of motion is put down upon the paper as "an amendment on going into Committee of Supply," and as no one can tell, on any given night, how many of these amendments will be brought forward by their proposers, it follows that no certainty can prevail as to the discussion of Supply itself. A Member full of economical ardour and financial acumen may come down one night with his estimates under his arm, when "Supply" stands as the first order of the day, and may find the whole night consumed in discussions upon amendments which have nothing whatever to do with Supply. On the other hand, a Member, anxious to discuss estimates, may see a number of amendments standing on the paper which appear likely to occupy the whole sitting, and having therefore abstained from coming down to the House, may find that these have suddenly been postponed or withdrawn, and that the estimates have been "run through" in his absence.

To obviate this evil, or to palliate it in some degree, the Committee of 1871 made a suggestion to the House to the effect:—

"That whenever notice has been given that estimates will be moved in Committee of Supply, and the Committee stands as the first order of the day upon any day except Thursday and Friday, on which Government orders

have precedence, the Speaker shall, when the order for the Committee has been read, forthwith leave the chair without putting any question, and the House shall thereupon resolve itself into such Committee, unless, on first going into Committee on the army, navy, or civil service estimates respectively, an amendment be moved relating to the division of estimates proposed to be considered on that day."

This resolution, having been adopted by the House, was in operation during the sessions of 1872 and 1873, and was revived in 1876, but afterwards dropped. The Speaker (Question 367) stated to the Committee of this session that the balance of his opinion was in favour of the revival of this resolution, and the Committee have gone even beyond the Speaker's recommendation, by adopting the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

"That whenever the Committee of Supply or the Committee of Ways and Means stands as the first order of the day on a Monday, Mr. Speaker shall leave the chair without putting any question."

Should this resolution be endorsed by the House, there will thus be one day in each week upon which, if Supply is set down as the first order of the day, there will be a certainty that it will come on for discussion. It may seem undesirable that a Member having an amendment "relating to the division of estimates proposed to be considered," should lose the opportunity of moving such amendment immediately before the consideration of those estimates takes place, but upon the whole the balance of advantage is with the new rule. By far the greater number of such amendments could and would be discussed in Committee upon particular votes, and if the policy of a class of estimates be seriously impugned, no Government would, in the present day, seek to avoid a debate, but would rather endeavour to afford an opportunity of discussion, should there be a real desire for it upon the part of any considerable section of the House. True it is that upon this one day of the week the constitutional maxim of "Grievance

before Supply" would be infringed, but it is equally true that a real grievance is tolerably sure to find its way before the House, and that the uncertainty and delay in the discussion of estimates under the present system have been a practical grievance of a serious character both to the House and the country. There will also be other days in the week upon which, when Supply is set down as an order of the day, amendments can still be moved, and it is not proposed to interfere with the Tuesdays and Fridays upon which private members have now their opportunities of ventilating such subjects as appear to them necessary to be submitted to the consideration of Parliament.

It should be borne in mind, moreover, that the circumstances of the present day differ materially from those under which it was originally deemed necessary that the grievances of any of the subjects of the realm should be considered, and if needful redressed, by Parliament before the representatives of the people voted money for the service of the Crown. In those days Parliament stood in a position towards the sovereign of a somewhat different character from that which it occupies to-day, and an aggrieved person or class of persons had no other effectual mode of making grievances known save by application to the representative body of the nation. But at the present time the press not only affords a ready and complete publicity to any grievance, real or imaginary, but operates also to render the Government of the day desirous that if such grievance actually exists it shall be speedily discussed and redressed, because any attempt to burke or stifle its discussion in Parliament would fail to avoid publicity through the press, and would inevitably recoil upon the heads of those who resorted to such a device. It would therefore appear that, if the House should adopt the recommendation of its Committee in this respect, no real damage would be suffered by

that part of the public which may from time to time have a "grievance" worthy to occupy the attention of the legislature; whilst, on the other hand, a far greater probability would exist that the estimates would receive that full and fair discussion which they certainly have scarcely obtained under the existing system.

It may be remarked, moreover, that the amendments upon the motion that the Speaker do leave the Chair to go into Committee of Supply are by no means confined to questions of grievance, but that a system has grown up by which this opportunity has been constantly taken by Members to air every conceivable crotchet, and to consume the time of the House in lengthy discussions from which no practical or useful result could ever have been expected to arise. The curtailment of such debates, even if it partially infringe a constitutional maxim, will be an unmixed benefit to the House of Commons and the country, and it is to be hoped that it will be viewed in this light when the House is asked to approve the resolution in question.

But if the existing state of things with respect to Supply is open to criticism, what can be said of the system under which business is conducted when in the hands of private Members, save that its inconvenience is only matched by its absurdity? Upon the first day of the session at least a hundred ardent legislators ballot for the order in which they may move the House for leave to bring in their Bills. Upon the next day the Bills are, usually without opposition or debate, read a first time, and then each Member fixes the day upon which he will move the second reading of his Bill, according to the precedence he has obtained by the ballot. As Wednesday is the only order day at the disposal of private Members, and as the Wednesdays in the session are much fewer than a hundred, the result is that in the first week of the meeting of Parliament

every Wednesday up to the first week in August is immediately blocked up with Bills. The first radical evil of this procedure is that the House deliberately parts with its control over all this class of business. There may be Bills which the House desires to have discussed, and upon the principle of which much interest is felt. But these particular Bills, by the chance of the ballot, may either be put down so low as never to come on for discussion at all, or, having gone to their second reading and received the approval of the House, have no chance of ever being allowed to go to their further stages.

In the session of 1877, out of eighty-three Bills laid upon the table within the first few days by Members who thought their position upon the ballot sufficiently good to encourage them to produce their measures, *only eight, mostly unopposed*, became law, four were referred to Select Committees, seventeen were defeated upon their second reading, forty-one were withdrawn without the opinion of the House being taken upon their second reading, and thirteen, which passed their second reading, were defeated by the block of other business, which prevented their further stages from ever coming under the consideration of the House. The fate of all these Bills depended entirely upon the chances of the ballot. In all probability the House and the public would have deemed some of the Bills which were never discussed of far more importance than some which were discussed only to be rejected, or even than some which were defeated by time—an ally of which unscrupulous opponents can and do take the greatest advantage. But the House has left itself absolutely no discretion in the matter of selecting what Bills it will or will not discuss. So far as Government business is concerned, the Cabinet decides what subjects it shall propose to Parliament for its legislation, but as regards all other subjects it is left to the discretion or indiscretion of

each Individual Member to introduce a Bill upon any subject whatever, and the House, leaving all to the ballot, exercises no control and expresses no opinion of its own in order to direct the tide of legislation, or to prevent its time from being wasted upon the discussion of subjects upon which it does not desire to legislate. Bills of small importance and of interest only to a very small minority of the House are thus constantly forced upon its attention, to the exclusion of others with far greater title to consideration, and the time which can be devoted to the business of private Members is thus so shortened and limited that, assisted by the operation of the 12.30 rule, a small minority can effectually prevent the passing of a measure which the large majority of the House may desire to become law.

It is evident that the remedy for this block of business can only be found either by limiting the privilege of introducing Bills now accorded to Members, by the assumption on the part of the House of some control over such Bills independently of the ballot, or by applying some rule which will prevent the time of the House during the latter weeks of the session being occupied by the discussion of Bills which have not been sufficiently advanced to afford a chance of their becoming law. In the House of Lords every peer is allowed to introduce a Bill without question, and there may be an objection to limit the power now practically given to any Member of the House of Commons to do the same. It has, however, by no means been always or invariably the practice to read Bills a first time as a matter of course, and it has been suggested that it would be well for the House to exercise its discretion and control by rejecting at this stage a great number of Bills which it does not desire to discuss. It may certainly be urged in favour of this proposal that the debates which would doubtless, in many cases, arise on the first, instead of being deferred, as now, to the second,

readings of these Bills would occur at the very beginning of the session, when there is but little business before the House. Still, these debates could not, under the present rules of the House, be avoided, and there would be considerable reluctance to refuse to a Member the privilege of having his views upon any subject printed and circulated in the shape of a Bill, even though many of those who felt such reluctance would be perfectly ready to vote against the second reading. It must always be remembered that according to the constitutional theory, in assenting to the first reading of a Bill the House only indicates its readiness to consider the subject of such Bill; in passing the second reading it gives its sanction to the principle upon which the Bill proposes to deal with that subject; assent to the motion for going into Committee implies that it is willing to consider the details in which the principle is developed in the Bill; in Committee those details are considered; and the third reading marks the final approval of the House of the completed Bill. Many Members, therefore, might without inconsistency support the first reading of a Bill and at the same time be unprepared to vote for its future stages, and this would render the proposed opposition to Bills upon their first readings one of at least doubtful advantage, since it might frequently entail upon the House two debates, upon first and second readings, where one only takes place under the present system.

These or other considerations appear to have restrained the Committee from any attempt to restrict the present privilege of Members with respect to the introduction of Bills, and indeed it would have been difficult to do so by any special rule. The power of rejecting a Bill at its first stage still remains, and it will be for the House to decide for itself, as occasions arise, whether it can be more frequently exercised with advantage.

The Committee, however, dealt with

the question of the business of private Members by means of the following resolutions:—

2. That no order for the second reading of a Bill shall, in the first instance, be appointed for any day beyond a month from the date of its introduction; and that after the second reading no day shall, in the first instance, be appointed for any stage of the Bill beyond a month from the date of the previous stage; and that in the event of the Member in charge of any Bill desiring at any time to put off the next stage of the Bill to a later date than that for which it stands appointed, it shall not be competent to him to propose to defer it to any day beyond a month from the day on which he makes the proposal.

3. When several Bills (other than Government Bills), which have passed different stages, have been appointed for the same day, being the first day of June or any later day, they shall be arranged in the following order:—Bills which stand for Third Reading shall come before Bills which are to be considered on report; Bills which are to be considered on report shall come before Bills which are in Committee or which stand for Committee; and Bills which are in Committee or which stand for Committee, shall come before Bills which stand for second reading.

It will be seen that the above resolutions will effect no inconsiderable alteration in the procedure of the House. Only the first four, instead of all the Wednesdays of the session, will be occupied at once, though as the same number of Bills may be introduced, and all are to be, as at present, left to the chances of the ballot, there will be under this arrangement no priority secured to measures which the House may favour over those which it would much rather lay aside without discussion.

Indeed it may well happen that a measure which commands much interest in the House and the country, and upon which discussion is desirable, may fare worse under the new than under the existing system. Take for instance the question of "Woman's Disabilities," which, being at once set down for a day in June, received a full discussion and the decision of the House. Under the proposed alteration, unless the Member in charge was lucky enough to secure one of the first

four Wednesdays, he might never get his Bill on at all.

It is not stated in this resolution how it is to be worked in practice, but it is evident that it will entail farther alterations in procedure. The first four Wednesdays will of course be crowded with Bills. Are these to be postponed in the order in which they stand at the end of the first Wednesday's sitting for four Wednesdays on—i.e. to the fifth Wednesday? If so, the Member who is lucky enough to get the first place on the first Wednesday will be able to carry his measure on from Wednesday till Wednesday, through every stage, provided he can secure a majority in its favour. The second lucky Member will do the same, and all that will be gained by the change will be that a few measures will be fully discussed and passed which have at present no chance of securing such results. But the chance which the great majority of Members now possess of obtaining at least a discussion upon their Bills will be immensely diminished, and this of itself will render the change so unpopular to the class of Members who desire their measures to be discussed, even if not passed, and to those who place no great faith in the legislation, though they do not object to discuss the proposals, of private Members, that the adoption of the new rule by the House appears to us problematical.

If, on the other hand, it is intended that there shall be a fresh ballot upon every Wednesday at the conclusion of the sitting, in order to settle the order of precedence on that day four weeks, this is a matter which will require some care in the arrangement. Is the ballot to be confined to Bills actually on the orders of that day? If so, of course all the Bills which have been read a first time will be placed on the orders for the four first Wednesdays at once, and the Wednesday sittings must be protracted beyond six o'clock in order to allow of the ballot taking place. In this

case, however, the Member who has been lucky enough to come out first in the first ballot may be thrown back in the second, and find himself eventually very little better off than under the present system. It is evident that the proposed new rule requires more explanation than the Committee have given us, and that unless the procedure be carefully settled, it may produce confusion instead of improvement.

The other resolution upon the same subject is more simple and easy of comprehension. It provides for an entire change in the arrangement of the business in the hands of private Members, enacting that after the 1st of June Bills which are down for the same day shall be considered according to an order of precedence, depending upon the progress which they have already made. If a Bill only stands for second reading, it will not be considered until those Bills have been disposed of which have reached the stage of Committee or third reading, and thus to a certain and not inconsiderable extent the block of business will be relieved. It might have been more simple still to have proposed a plan which received the approval of Sir Erskine May (Questions 194—5), namely, that after a certain date, the 1st or 15th of June, Bills of this kind which had not obtained a second reading, and which therefore had practically no chance of passing during the session, should be removed from the order-book; but pretty nearly the same result will be arrived at by the application of the rule actually adopted, although that result would have been greater still if, after a certain date, Tuesdays had been given to orders of the day instead of notices of motion.

Both these resolutions are honest attempts to get rid of a difficulty; but a larger question remains behind, namely, whether this and similar difficulties are not inherent to the transaction of business by so large a body as the House of Commons. If greater

expedition in the conduct of their business is really desired, there are only three things which can certainly secure the desired object. First, the arbitrary limitation of the speeches of individual members, such as is adopted by church congresses and similar bodies, who are of opinion that ten minutes is a period sufficiently long for any one man to monopolise the attention of an audience. Secondly, the giving to a specified majority, under certain restrictions, the power of summarily closing a debate, and coming to a division. Thirdly, the delegating some of the functions of the House to committees.

The first rule would never be carried by a House of Commons of the character, and elected under the conditions, of the assembly which sits at Westminster. The second is a principle recognised in every other legislative assembly but our own, and one which will not improbably make its way hereafter; but it would seem that our legislators are not yet ripe for its adoption. There remains then the third proposition, which is well worthy of consideration, and to which allusion is made in paragraph six of the Report of the Committee. The paragraph does not recommend the making of any new order "for the purpose of enabling the House to exercise its undoubted right of negating the Committee on a Bill in any case in which it may think it desirable to do so;" but it was evidently in the contemplation of the Committee that there were many Bills upon which the House might safely pass from the second reading to the report and third reading, confiding to a Select Committee the intermediate task of considering the clauses in detail without the necessity of submitting the latter to a Committee of the whole House.

This, however useful, stops short of what might be done if the House were so pleased. A Select Committee must be taken to mean a Committee of fifteen members, sometimes extended to a somewhat larger number by special

order of the House. But Bills of greater interest than those which the Committee appear to have had in view might with advantage be considered by a portion of the House, instead of being dealt with at every one of their stages by the whole House. In the Committee of 1871, Sir T. Erskine May gave valuable evidence upon this point. In answer to Question 41, he stated: "There is a general feeling that there is no sufficient power of delegating any of the functions of the House to other bodies, everything being done by the whole House; and there are times when the House, being engrossed by some great measure, no progress can be made with any other business. It has been suggested that Committees of less consequence than Committees of the whole House might be constituted for the consideration of public Bills—Committees in which all who came should have voices, but which might sit independently of the sittings of the House, and sit at times when the business of the House would not be interfered with." Further on (Questions 44 and 45), Sir Erskine says that in these Committees, "There would be a more formal discussion than in a Select Committee. Every Member would be required to stand when he spoke; reporters would be admitted;" and he adds that he "would reserve to the House the power to re-commit Bills, or certain clauses of Bills thus dealt with, to the Committee of the whole House, or to review the proceedings of the Committee on the consideration of the Report."

Thus the House would in no respect lose its control over the progress of Bills which it might delegate to a portion of its Members, and a great deal of public time would undoubtedly be saved. It should be noticed that Mr. Parnell made a proposal to the Committee in this direction, to the effect that after the second reading of any Bill "relating exclusively to the affairs of either England, Ireland, or Scotland," such Bill should "be referred,

unless otherwise directed by the House, to a Committee consisting" of the Members representing places in the country to which the Bill related, and should not be "afterwards considered in Committee of the whole House, unless specially ordered," but should "be considered a report in the whole House." This resolution contained the principle of large committees to which we have just alluded, but it also proposed the severance according to nationalities of a Parliament which is the Parliament of a United Kingdom, and in which every Member should rather strive to forget his separate nationality in the desire to promote the welfare of all. It was therefore held inadmissible by the Committee, but at the same time it cannot be denied that when measures affecting specially either England, Ireland, or Scotland are before Parliament, it is but just that upon any Select Committee the country specially affected should be fully and largely represented. And if the Committee were constituted according to Sir Erskine May's suggestion, where "all who came should have voices," this object would practically be attained, as those Members most interested would be the persons who would attend, and these would naturally be the representative of the country so affected. No resolution upon this subject was however adopted by the Committee, and the proposal is one which must still bide its time.

We have no space to consider the other proposals of the Committee, nor indeed do they appear to require much comment. The restriction of the much-abused power of moving to report progress, or that the Chairman do leave the Chair, when the House is in Committee—the provision for avoiding the waste of time now constantly consumed in unnecessary divisions—and the postponement of the time at which a "count out" can take place at the "nine o'clock sittings"—are all proposals well enough in their way, and for which there may perhaps be a preponderance of argument, in spite of

objections which may easily be raised to each. Neither these, however, nor any other similar proposals can enable the House of Commons to get through the amount of business which is annually brought before it, nor have we much hope that the resolutions of this Committee, even if they be all adopted by the House, will be attended by any very important results. Unless stringent and drastic remedies are to be applied, from which the Committee evidently shrink, and which they probably deem would be unpalatable to the House, there is nothing for it but to trust to the good sense, moderation, and discretion of Members to secure reasonable expedition in the transaction of business. These qualities, it is true, may not always be displayed as we could wish, and when they are absent it is hardly possible to frame any special rule by which their results can be obtained. But much of the evil of which complaint has been so loudly made is evil indigenous to a large assembly, and almost inseparable from the freedom of debate which has ever prevailed in the House of Commons. If the Committee which has just reported could agree on no more important changes than those which

they have recommended—the most important of all being carried by a bare majority—the inference would seem to be that no very great changes are actually required—at all events before such are introduced let us be well assured that the fault is in the system, and not in those whose duty it is to apply it. A majority rules in the House of Commons, and if the Minister who wields that majority rightly applies it, he requires no new rules to carry on the business of the country. No doubt from time to time it is well that the House should revise and recast its procedure, and that public attention should be called to the system upon which our legislation proceeds. But all inquiry will result in the conclusion that the Parliamentary machine to which we intrust the management of our public affairs is one which upon the whole does its work well, and that although in the performance of that work there may and must be such defects and disadvantages as are incident to the size, nature, and construction of the machine, yet these are counterbalanced by advantages too valuable to be lightly imperilled by experimental attempts at an impossible perfection.

E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

IN THE TURKISH SERVICE.

THE present writer was for nearly four years in the Turkish service. He entered it in 1861, shortly after that terrible wholesale slaughter, commonly known as the massacre of the Christians in Mount Lebanon, had horrified the civilised world. Until that time the Turkish Government had allowed the different tribes which inhabit the Lebanon districts to manage matters pretty well their own way. So long as a certain amount of tribute was paid every year to the Pasha of Beyrout—that being the nearest city of the plains to Lebanon—things were allowed to rule themselves. But after the fearful days of 1860-61, there came a change, not upon the Turks themselves, so much as upon the Five Great Powers which held themselves responsible for the affairs of Turkey. Each of these Powers sent out a Commissioner to Syria. The nobleman who represented Great Britain on this body was Lord Dufferin, now Governor-General of Canada. For five or six months these Commissioners met almost every day, and at last ended their labours by drawing up a scheme for the better government of the Lebanon, which the Turkish Government at once, although by no means willingly, accepted. Amongst other innovations for the Lebanon insisted upon by the Commissioners, was that the command and training of the police should for the future be in the hands of Europeans, and for this purpose I received my appointment. The Pasha of the Mountain, under the new order of things, was a Christian; and the individual selected for the post was Daoud Effendi, henceforth to be designated as Daoud Pasha, a member of what is called the Catholic Armenian Church.¹ This gentleman

was the first Christian that had ever been elevated to the rank of pasha by the Porte. He was a native of Constantinople, and had gone through his official education in the foreign office of that city. He spoke English, French, Italian, and German as well as he did his own language, and had resided several years at Vienna, three or four in Paris, and one or two in London; in all of which capitals he had filled appointments connected with the respective Ottoman embassies. He prided himself greatly upon being much more straightforward and truthful than his Moslem fellow-subjects, as also upon his partiality for Englishmen and others rather than Turks. Soon after he was installed in his new governorship he took into his service as private secretary a Frenchman who was in those days well known as a contributor to one of the leading Parisian journals. He also applied for and obtained the services of a French captain of infantry and two French sergeants, who acted as drill-instructors of the police; as well as of a Hungarian officer, who was already in the Turkish regular army, and who was attached to Daoud Pasha's person, as what in England we should call aide-de-camp.

At the time I speak of, 1861, the district over which Daoud Pasha was made governor resembled very much in miniature what Turkey itself is and has been for many years. It was jealously regarded by the representatives of the Five Powers in Syria, each one being afraid lest the influence of the others, or of one of

although retaining its own liturgy, ritual, and other Armenian peculiarities. These are in the same manner as the East Greek Catholics, Syrian Catholics, Maronites, and others, all of which retain their own religious usages, but are in communion with the Pope.

¹ This means that portion of the Armenian Church which is in communion with Rome,

the others, should by any chance preponderate over his own. Thus Russia was the guardian and protector of such Christians of the Lebanon as belonged to the Greek Church. Any member of that community who did not receive what he deemed to be justice—and justice in the East means simply that an individual should have his own way—forthwith lodged a complaint with the Russian Consul-General at Beyrout, and the latter at once made a grievance of his affair with Daoud Pasha. In the same manner the French were supposed to be the protectors of the Maronites and of the Latin Christians. If any one of these failed in obtaining what he called justice, the French Consul-General had a word to say on the subject. England, on the other hand, was the protector of the Druses, and of the handful of Protestant converts belonging to the different educational establishments of the American missionaries. Austria protected the United or Catholic Greeks; and the Ottoman authorities protected the few Moslems who resided in the district. So long as it were only a matter of dispute between two individuals of the same creed, matters were not difficult to manage. But when, for instance, one of the Greek Church had a quarrel or a lawsuit with a Maronite, or when a Druse had a dispute with a United Greek, the unfortunate Pasha had not a good time of it. The different Consuls-General seemed to think that their honour was at stake to enable their respective *protégés* to win the day. And what between the usual difficulties attendant upon governing a half-savage country and the remonstrances of the Consuls-General respecting the people they protected, the task that Daoud Pasha had to accomplish was by no means an easy one. His own Government at Constantinople distrusted him because he was a Christian; the Russian authorities believed him to be partial towards the Catholics, for the reason that he was by faith a Catholic Armenian; the Austrians

thought him partial towards all save the United Greeks; the English were persuaded that he was harsh towards their protected friends the Druses; and the French were persuaded that, although a Christian by birth, he was an Ottoman at heart, and that he wished to serve the Government whose servant he was, more than the Christian tribes in Lebanon. For my own part, I believe that the Pasha wished to do right, and that he had no particular liking for any one sect or tribe more than another. But, as I said before, he was, on a small scale, what his master the Sultan has for many years been upon a large one: he had too many interests to serve, and tried, in fact was obliged to try, to please too many contending factions. Had he done otherwise—had he ever told any one of the Consuls-General to mind their own affairs and not to interfere with his—the offended official would at once have moved heaven and earth to have him sent away, and the Ottoman authorities at Constantinople would have only been too glad to do so. The Turkish Government—or rather the extraordinary system by which men rise, as it were in a day, from nothing to the highest posts, and afterwards disappear as suddenly—has not changed since the days of which I write. Every one, whether aspiring to place or already in office, is everlastingly attempting to pull down every one else. Daoud Pasha was not an exception to this rule. The Moslems connected with the Central Government at the Porte were never tired in their endeavours to have him recalled. They hated him because he was a Christian, and looked upon the innovation of raising a Christian to be a Pasha much in the same way as we should look upon a woolly-headed negro being made Master of the Buckhounds, or Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. They thought that if by any chance Daoud Pasha could be recalled, there would be a chance for one of them getting his berth. And this is a system which never ceases working in

Turkey. Intrigue when out of office ; intrigue on trying to obtain a higher berth than the one he has ; and when in office making all the hay he can in the shape of money—these are the end and aim of every Turkish official's existence.

My own duties in the Lebanon were, more strictly speaking, those of a police magistrate, or I might say of a sort of chief detective for crime, than of a superintendent of police. For many years past—ever since in 1840 the country had been taken from the Egyptian Government and made over to that of Constantinople—murders, though not perhaps frequent, had been committed with the greatest impunity. Daoud Pasha wished to put a stop to this, and wanted to show the 60,000 people over whom he ruled that in the hands of his officials there was no such thing as making matters pleasant ; and that murder will out, no matter by whom or how secretly it has been committed. As a case in point I will relate an incident that happened very soon after I took charge of my office.

A Greek—which in Lebanon means a member of the Greek Church, not one of the Greek nation—pedlar had most unaccountably disappeared. He was known to have slept on a certain night at a Greek convent in that part of the Mountain which is inhabited by Druses as well as Christians ; and before leaving in the morning he had told one of the priests that he intended going to another convent that night. He had never appeared at the latter place, and all trace of him had been lost. With the usual nonchalance of Orientals, the matter had not been reported to the Pasha until some ten days after it had happened. His Excellency sent for me and asked me to try and find out what had become of the man, saying that if he had been murdered and his murder could be brought home to those who had committed it, the effect in the Mountain would be excellent, and would give his rule great prestige. I took the task in hand at once ; and with the help of

a dog, bred between a Spanish blood-hound and an English retriever, found, after several days' search, a heap of bones lying in a small cave and bearing evident marks of having been burnt, or attempted to be burnt. So much so was this the case that I was at first of opinion that the bones were not those of a human being. There was, however, one bone in the heap, and only one, which was not injured. This I took with me, and sent it down to Beyrout to ask a French medical man who resided there whether it had belonged to a human body. The reply reached me in about three days, and stated that the bone was beyond all doubt that of a man. Upon this I set to work with renewed hope of finding some further clue by which to be guided in my search.

About half-a-mile from the cave where the bones had been found was a small Druse village, containing not more than twenty or five-and-twenty inhabitants, and these, one and all, bearing the very worst of characters. The head man of the village was well known to have taken a leading part in the butchery of the Christians of Deir-el-Kammar, which had been perpetrated the year before, with the full knowledge and tacit connivance of the Ottoman troops. But this was not enough to enable me to obtain authority to search the fellow's house. It was an understood thing that all the evil deeds of 1860 were, if not forgiven, to be forgotten, and were not to influence the conduct of the authorities against any individual, no matter what part he had played in that bloody tragedy.¹ My only hope therefore lay in making the man I really suspected believe that I thought another individual to be the culprit. In a country like Syria, and particularly

¹ The massacre of the Christians in Lebanon by the Druses of the same district must be fresh in the minds of many of my readers. It took place in 1860, and was generally supposed by all who were present in the country at the time, the present writer amongst the rest, to have been connived at by the Ottoman authorities in Syria.

in a district like the Lebanon, this was exceedingly difficult to do. Had I given out that I suspected any one who was innocent, the man would have demanded an investigation at the hands of the Pasha. If I had taken the pretended culprit into my confidence, he would have taken into his confidence at least a couple of dozen of his intimate friends. In the East—at least in Syria—no one can keep a secret, and once any matter becomes known to any one man, he in his turn makes it known to all his friends, each of whom has in his turn at least a dozen of gossips, to whom he imparts—in strict confidence, of course—what he has pledged himself to keep a profound secret. In my own mind I had no doubt whatever as to who was the murderer of the unfortunate pedlar. Everything confirmed the idea I had first formed, that the perpetrator of the foul deed was the Druse chief of the neighbouring village. But the difficulty was how I could bring the guilty home to the man. The first thing to do was to gain access to his house and ascertain whether any of the goods in which the murdered man traded were to be found there. This, after a great deal of trouble and not a little expense, I managed to do by means of one of those Italian vagabonds who are to be found loafing about in nearly all the seaports of the Levant. I got hold of an individual of this kind in Beyrout, took him up to the Mountain with me under promise of giving him service as a groom, and after he had been a few days in my service told him my plan, with a promise of 500 francs (20*l.*) if he succeeded in bringing me news that I could depend upon. I dressed him up as a pedlar, but made him assume the character of what he really was, a stranger in Lebanon, speaking Arabic pretty well, but with no knowledge whatever of the country. The man entered into the spirit of the affair with great zest. Taking a roundabout road, he went with his pack on his back to the Druse village, taking care

to do so at an hour when the males of the family were pretty certain not to be at home. To the Druse's wife he showed the different wares he had with him, and offered to take in exchange anything which he could sell at a profit at Sidon, or Tyre, or any of the towns on the coast. The woman fell into the snare, and, believing him to be an utter stranger in the land, produced some gay-coloured silk, which she wished to exchange for some stuff of a darker hue. The bargain was struck; the pink and red silk was taken by the Italian, and a few hours afterwards was in my hands. The goods were marked with the name of an Arabic firm in Beyrout, and on a reference to the house I was told the silk had been sold on such a day to a Greek pedlar, whose occupation was that of going from village to village to sell his wares. This was quite enough to justify a search throughout the Druse chief's premises, and so I had the village surrounded before day-break, every male in it made prisoner for the moment, and searchers put into every house. It was as I had expected. The murderer was the chief man of his village. In his house were found goods of sorts which had evidently belonged to some one who hawked them about for sale; and amongst others was the account-book of the murdered man, kept of course in Arabic, giving a daily statement of what he had sold and the prices he had obtained for them. There were also two or three letters addressed to the pedlar, and which tended, as a matter of course, to confirm more and more the fact that he had been murdered, and an attempt made to burn his bones, in order to hide the crime that had been committed.

The chief of the Druse village was of course made a prisoner, and taken to Beited-Deen, where the Pasha resided. But still his case was not complete. According to one of those many extraordinary unwritten laws which prevail in the East, no one can be convicted of any great crime upon

mere circumstantial evidence. It was needful to find some one who had seen or heard the murder committed. This was a difficulty out of which I did not see my way. The fellow-villagers of the alleged murderer were one and all Druses; and of this creed and caste it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to find one that will give evidence against another. I therefore resorted to the only means which occurred to me of getting at the truth. The wife of the suspected man had several times sent me word that she and her two children—a boy about fourteen and a girl a couple of years younger—were in the greatest distress. Her husband, she said—and I knew this to be the truth—was a poor man, who although chief of a very small village, had nothing but his few fields and a small herd of goats to depend upon. He had no one to help him in his work, and now that he was in prison his crops would all go to the bad from having no one to look after them. Once or twice the Pasha had sent his family some trifling help in the way of money; but a thought now struck me by which they could be made useful in finding out the truth—or rather the details, for of the truth of his offence I had never the least doubt—of the murder. I sent his family word that if they liked to occupy a cottage in the garden of the house where I lived they might do so, and I would see that they were duly supplied with suitable meals by my own servants. They accepted the offer, and took up their residence close to me. As a matter of course, the hut they lived in became a sort of rendezvous for the various Druses of their own village who had to come to the Pasha's head-quarters on business. For a long time—for some three months or more—things went on much as before. The man who was more than suspected of having committed the murder was detained in prison, his family remaining in the neighbourhood, and being allowed from time to time to see him. But an uneasy feeling had evidently

sprung up between the wife of the prisoner and her fellow-villagers. When the latter came to visit her, and used, after the custom of the country, to sit hour after hour talking on various matters, there was evidently some serious source of disagreement between them. One man in particular, a cousin of the prisoner, named Sheikh Achmet, seemed always urging the woman to do something to which she would not consent. High words used to ensue; and on one occasion, happening to pass the open window of the hut after dark, I overheard the woman say to the Sheikh, in a very bitter tone, "You need not be so anxious for your share of the plunder; for if I were to speak a word you also would be in prison. You, and Suliman, and Ibrahim"—naming those of her fellow-villagers who by this time I knew well by name—"are every bit as guilty as my husband. You all helped to murder the pedlar."

There is one thing which no man who wants to succeed in the East ought ever to allow himself to do—nothing ought to induce him to be in a hurry. Had I there and then arrested Sheikh Achmet, I should in all probability have spoilt the only chance I ever had of obtaining a conviction. I therefore did nothing that night, but the next morning, about an hour before daylight, I surrounded the Druse village with policemen, and brought the male inhabitants prisoners to head-quarters. Before sending them to prison, I had an interview with each one separately, and told them that I had by extraordinary means become acquainted with the fact that they were one and all murderers, and that their only chance would be making a clean breast of it. If they confessed the truth, no harm beyond that of a few days' imprisonment should befall them; but otherwise they would be tried, and in all probability hanged, with their accomplice, Sheikh Hassein. Had I spoken to the worthy trio together, I should never have got them to say a

word.¹ But by taking them individually, I got them to confess the whole affair. The three men gave, almost word for word, the same account of this brutal murder. They had waylaid the unfortunate pedlar, Sheikh Hassein being the one who had proposed the affair. After killing their victim they had tried hard to burn the bones, and had almost succeeded in doing so. The spoil taken from the murdered man amounted in value to about 10*l.* English money; and had as yet been left in the hands of Sheikh Hassein and his wife. To make an already too long story short, I thus completed the case against the Sheikh, but I was upwards of six months in doing so. Sheikh Hassein was tried before the Medjlis, or mixed tribunal, composed of Ottomans, Christians, and Druses; and was convicted and hanged. The natives were greatly impressed at the tenacity with which I had hunted up the murderer of a poor, and an almost unknown pedlar for more than half a year. Had the murdered man been a distinguished Frank, an Ottoman Effendi, or even a wealthy Christian merchant from Beyrout or Sidon, my zeal would have been easy enough to understand. But, as it was, who would pay me? who would give me any *baksheesh* for all my extra trouble? In short, to Christians, Druses, and Moslems the whole affair was inexplicable. However, the result was good. The murder of the poor pedlar was the last crime of the kind committed for several months; and the way in which I had hunted down the murderer was not forgotten for a long time afterwards.

I have given this story in detail as a sample of the manner in which justice is administered in the Ottoman Empire. The court before which

offenders were tried for all sorts of offences, from stealing a few figs to the committal of a regular murder, is called the *Medjlis*. It is composed of two individuals, or members of each religious body on the Mountain—two Druses, two Maronites, two Greeks, two United Greeks, and so on. In theory, these individuals are named by the members of their respective creeds; but practically they were appointed by Daoud Pasha, the governor of Lebanon. The chief of the *Medjlis* was always a Moslem, named directly by the Government, as it is only amongst the followers of the Prophet that individuals who have studied the law can be found in Turkey. The chief of the tribunal may be said to act as judge; the members are supposed to fulfil the duty which with us is done by a jury. But as it would be deemed the height of bad breeding for any of the members to differ from the chief, or judge, the latter almost invariably pronounced the verdict as well as the sentence on any prisoner. When the case to be tried involved a question between two individuals of different creeds it was different. In the end, to do justice means to put yourself, and your friends, and your friends' friends in the right, and place every one else in the wrong. The only way of solving such a difficulty was by an appeal to the Pasha, who, although a Christian, was an Ottoman official, and, I am bound to say, was exceedingly fair and impartial in his awards. I don't think I ever saw him influenced by any consideration of a suitor being a Christian to decide a suit in his favour. And, as a rule, the natives of the Mountain were convinced of this. But, as I said before, in the East the word justice means doing what yourself and your friends wish. I remember a case, or rather two cases, in point which will illustrate my meaning. There was a serious dispute that had been going on for some years between a Maronite convent and a landed proprietor concerning a very

¹ The Druses are in all matters that relate to those of the same race and creed as secret as Freemasons are about their signs. No man can become a Druse; he must be born one. They have a peculiar belief in the transmigration of souls, with perhaps a dash of Mohammedanism in their faith.

valuable tract of mulberry-trees.¹ The Medjlis found it impossible to settle the case, because the Maronites, being a sect of Christians in communion with Rome, the Greeks opposed the claims of a Maronite convent to the bitter end. The affair was referred to the Pasha, who, after due consideration, decided against the convent, and in favour of the layman, who was a member of the Greek Church. For the next month or so there was not a better-abused man in the Ottoman dominion than Daoud Pasha—that is with the different sects on the Mountain who are in communion with the Catholic Church. But a very short time afterwards a similar dispute between a Greek Catholic bishop and a Greek convent was referred to his Excellency. This time the decision was in favour of the Catholics and against the Greek convent. The change in public opinion was sudden and strong. By the Catholic party Daoud Pasha was praised to the sky, and by the "orthodox" or "schismatical" Greeks, as they are indifferently called, he was denounced as a scoundrel.

As an instance of the curious manners and not over-pleasant customs which prevailed in the Lebanon so late as fourteen or fifteen years ago, I may be permitted to relate an affair which might have turned out very seriously for myself. The Druse, Sheikh Hassein, who was hanged for the murder of the pedlar, had a brother residing in a distant part of the Mountain. Soon after Hassein had died by the hands of justice, the brother came to the neighbourhood of Beited-Deen, where the Pasha had his headquarters, and gave out openly that as I had been the means of killing his brother, so he had a blood feud with me, and would kill me. I was more than once warned to beware of the man, but knowing how apt all Orientals are to magnify matters of the kind, took little or no notice of the matter.

¹ The wealth of the Lebanon consists almost entirely in silkworms and the crude silk which is reeled off the cocoons.

One Sunday, about noon, I was proceeding from my own house to that of the Pasha on foot, the distance being not more than a quarter of a mile. I was not alone, for in the East no official can ever go abroad without a certain following; and on this occasion, as I was on my way to pay my weekly visit of ceremony to his Excellency, I had perhaps a dozen armed followers of all sorts lounging behind me. All at once, from behind a ruined house, a man sprang up, and before I had time even to ask what he wanted, he fired a short bell-mouthed blunderbuss, point-blank, at me. Fortunately the piece missed fire—the man could not have been more than a dozen yards off when he pulled the trigger—and before he had time to get one of his pistols from his belt I closed with him, seized him by the neck and waistband, and flung him into a neighbouring horse-pond. He was immediately made prisoner and taken to prison. It turned out that this man was the brother of Sheikh Hassein. He had sworn he would do his best to take my life, because I had been instrumental in hanging his brother, and he had kept his vow. He was put on his trial the next day, and the case was so flagrant that he was found guilty and condemned to death. A capital sentence had, however, to be confirmed by the Pasha; and following a curious old custom of the country, I begged the man's life of his Excellency. Daoud Pasha was at first strongly inclined to make an example of the Druse, but I pointed out that, as the person he had attempted to kill, I had a right to obtain his pardon. It was granted, and I took my intended murderer into my own service as a peon or messenger. He was with me for three years, used often to act as nurse, and take the children out to walk, and cried like a baby when I left the country. I never had a more faithful servant in any land.

Where the Turkish authorities, no matter whether they are Moslems or Christians, fall off most is in the matter

of money. On this subject their ideas are so utterly at variance with our own, that it seems almost hopeless ever to expect any change in their financial transactions. From the highest to the lowest—at least such is my experience—every official, whether he is a follower of the Prophet or a so-called Christian, seems to hold as a first principle that all money which passes through his hand ought to leave something behind for his use. You can hardly call these men dishonest, for they merely follow what they have been taught, or at least what they have seen practised, from their childhood upwards. Amongst the officials of the Ottoman Government there is a sort of unwritten law that their actual salary is only a small part of the remuneration to which they are entitled, and that they are fully justified in making an honest or a dishonest penny by any means that they can.

When the police force was determined upon as a means of preserving order in the district of Lebanon,¹ it was resolved that the men should be dressed in uniform, and tenders were invited in Beyrout for 1,500 infantry and 500 mounted suits, of a certain quality and of a certain make. Three or four tenders were forthcoming, and one of these was accepted. But it was very shortly discovered that the tenders, although made in the borrowed names of certain native firms in Beyrout, did, in point of fact, emanate from certain officials connected with Daoud Pasha's government, and that a regular stock exchange, or bourse, was being held every day within the precincts of the palace at Beited-Deen for the purpose of buying and selling these tenders; that one of the latter, which had been accepted, was found to

have changed hands no less than three times, each rate at a price which was a reduction upon the former prices, so much so that the present holder of the contract could not by any possibility have provided the clothing of the requisite quality without an immense personal loss to himself. When questioned as to what he intended to have done, he very coolly replied, that he intended not only recouping himself in the quality, the workmanship, and the size of the garments, trusting to the chapter of accidents not to have the clothing condemned by the Pasha when it was delivered. This gentleman was "a Christian" from Constantinople; but there were one or two Moslems who were connected with him in his intended robbery. In fact I always found amongst the subjects of the Porte that whenever there was any question of "making things pleasant" by robbing the Government of Turkey, the Christians and the followers of the Prophet, sank for a moment all religious difficulties, and worked remarkably well together for the common good. With respect to the contract for clothing the police, when Daoud Pasha found out who it was that had really tendered for them, he quashed the whole affair and simply ordered what was wanted in France, through one of the European firms in Beyrout. The firearms that were required—1,500 infantry rifles and 500 cavalry carbines—he ordered through me from a firm in Birmingham. I merely acted as his clerk on the occasion, remitting to the firm the drafts the Pasha gave me, and describing minutely what kind of arms were required. But I am quite sure that every Turkish or Syrian official, whether Moslem or Christian, connected with the Lebanon Government, thought that I made a good thing of the affair, and had been well paid by the Birmingham firm for giving them the order. In fact, one gentleman, a Maronite, who was the receiver of taxes in the Mountain, asked me in confidence what I would take

¹ The reader must not fall into the mistake, so common in England, viz., that what is called "The Lebanon" means merely one mountain of that name. It is in fact a range of mountains, extending from above Latakia on the north to Sidon on the south, and from the plain of Cœlo-Syria on the east to the sea-coast on the west. It is about 120 miles long, by some thirty in width.

for my share of the plunder, and that he was quite ready to give me 150 Turkish liras (about 120*l.* English money) down for half the commission I should make. When I told him that I did not profit to the extent of a shilling on the business, so much so, that when remitting the Pasha's money I had sent also 20*l.* of my own to pay for a breechloader I had ordered, he merely smiled, as if wondering how I could imagine he was so exceedingly green as to believe me.

But it is the same, only generally much worse, in every department of the Ottoman administration in which money is concerned. For the first year after Daoud Pasha took charge of the government of the Lebanon, a brigade of Turkish regular troops remained on the Mountain to preserve order until the police force should be fully formed. The men were very dirty, but very harmless, and, with very rare exceptions, were well behaved. They were nearly all natives of Asia Minor, did not speak a word of Arabic, and had nothing whatever in common with the natives of the Lebanon. I knew many of their officers well, and when passing through the villages where they were quartered, used often to dismount and partake of a pipe and a cup of coffee with them, which were about the only luxuries they could afford. Men and officers of this brigade were positively *ten months in arrears of pay*. Their rations they got regularly; and with Turks wants are simple and few, just sufficient for them actually to exist. But they received each month the pay that ought to have been given them ten months previously, and this without a murmur. The money, or nearly all of it, that was due to them had been remitted from Constantinople, but the financial authorities of the Pasha who governed Beyrout chose, under one pretext or another, to keep the coin, lending it at eighteen and twenty per cent, and only paying the troops when it was perfectly convenient for them to do so. In the Lebanon, although Daoud Pasha used to look very sharply after

all money matters, we were as a rule one or two months in arrear. I have often been obliged to borrow for my daily necessities from the Shraff, or paymaster, paying interest at the rate of twelve per cent per annum, knowing all the time that he, the said paymaster, had in his chest the money already due to me as pay. In fact I—and nearly every one in the service was the same—really borrowed my own money, and paid another man twelve per cent per annum for the privilege of doing so.

In the East, habits and customs take a very long time to change. What there is for good or for evil in a government remain the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And, from what I hear, Turkey has been no exception to this rule from the days when, fifteen years ago, I was in the service of the Government of that country. People in England make a great mistake when they say that Moslems are more honest than Christians, or Christians more honourable than Moslems. Both have exactly and precisely the same notions and ideas about money; which is that everything short of actual robbery by force, or of forgery, is perfectly fair in bargains, dealing, and money-making. The real source of the evil is the facility with which the greatest scoundrels rise to high positions if they have the wherewith to make matters pleasant to those who can advance their interest. I remember a case in point which was told me by the late Hungarian General Khemeti, who, after the revolution in his own country, was for many years a general of brigade in the Turkish service, under the name of Hussein Pasha.

A subordinate officer in the Customs Department, a Moslem, and a native of Constantinople, was so much disliked at the seaports where he was stationed, and was known to have robbed so much of the public money, that the local pasha thought it best to dismiss him, and he was sent about his business at an hour's warning, as

is the custom in Turkey when the authorities want to get rid of a man. He had been about three years in his present post, had drawn a salary of less than 100*l.* a year, but had always lived well, and was known to have in his possession at least 3,000*l.* when he was sent away. The man went to Constantinople, obtained almost immediately an appointment under the Minister of Finance, in which, although the pay was very small, there were opportunities of making money otherwise than by salary. In less than two years after he had been dismissed from his subordinate appointment in the custom-house of a small seaport, he reappeared on the same scene as Pasha, and governor of the province, superseding the very Pasha who, twenty months before, had dismissed him from the public service for misconduct. It seems that he had employed his 3,000*l.* to some use at Constantinople, and that he had found his bread upon the waters after (not very) many days.

Another great mistake which Englishmen, and more particularly those who have paid a flying visit to the East, make, is this. They believe that the so-called "Christians" of the Ottoman Empire resemble to a certain extent the Christians of Europe, and that their conduct is consistent with their profession. In the Lebanon there was a very much better opportunity of observing Eastern Christians than in any other part of the empire. And, with two exceptions, I have no hesitation in saying that the Hindoos I knew in India were quite as "Christian" in their conduct and behaviour as the various denominations of "Christians" in the East. The two exceptions I mean are first, those—whether Maronites, Catholic Greeks, or Latins—who are, and have been for some time, under the teaching either of the French missionaries, or of native priests who have been brought up by the latter. Amongst the natives of Syria and the Lebanon thus educated, thus taught, and thus preached to, I have met many excellent, honourable, and trustworthy

men. The French missionaries abstain from any attempt to make converts. If those of other denominations come to them, well and good; but they don't go out of their way to seek them. Their special work is to teach the youth, and preach to the adults, of those sects of Christians that are in communion with Rome. They have a very good seminary in the Mountains, and another in Beyrout, and have every reason to be proud of their labours, to which they devote their lives with a quiet zeal and earnestness which is a wonder to behold. The other exception to the degraded condition of Oriental Christians in Syria is the handful of Protestant converts living under the teaching of the American missionaries. Amongst them also are many truthful, trustworthy men. They are very small in number, for the converts made by these gentlemen are few and far between. But those that there are, are good men and true. But of the other "Christians," and more particularly those of the Greek Church, the less that is said the better. Nor can we wonder at such a result. The ignorance of the Greek clergy, the gross lives that they lead, the utter want of anything like preaching or teaching their flocks, their greed and love of money, can in the end have but one result. The laymen and women of their congregations either utterly despise them, or else regard them with a sort of fetish-like reverence, much in the same way that the Moslems and Hindoos of India look upon their Fakeers and Joghees. As to anything like the spirit of Christianity, it does not exist either amongst the clergy or the laity. And I am quite certain that there is not an Englishman, Frenchman, or German who has resided any time in Syria, and who has had leisure and opportunity of forming an opinion respecting the people, who will not agree with me in what I say.

Reforms in Turkey are not to be brought about by bad imitations of

constitutional government, for which the people are about as fit as a man without legs is to ride on horseback. What is needed first of all, and what alone will be needed for the next fifty years or more, is a strong personal, honest, and high-handed rule, which if not actually under, will be dictated to by, and obliged to obey, one of the European Powers. The government of Daoud Pasha on Mount Lebanon was perhaps the best ever seen in the Ottoman empire, but that was simply because it was under the direct supervision of the Consuls-General in Beyrout. But even in that government the honesty of the subordinate officials left much to be desired. And when we remember what is passing every day at Constantinople, how intrigues amongst the women of the Sultan's seraglio repeatedly turn viziers and commanders-in-chief out of office, and supplant them by men of the lowest order of honesty or intelligence, how can we wonder at inferior posts being bought and sold and bartered for every day? In England both parties who write and talk about Turkey are wrong. The one falls into the error that, however bad the present system of government is, it can be reformed. The other that reform and change in the government are to be brought about by the so-called "Christians" of the empire. The man who can really alter the state of affairs as now existing in the empire will be one of the greatest benefactors the human race ever knew. But he must not imagine that the task will be ended because he gives the Christians more power than they at present

possess. I lived upwards of six years in and near the Lebanon, and for four years was actively connected with the administration of the country. It is in Lebanon more than in any part of the earth that we can see and hear and learn all about the "Christian" sects of the empire. But, with the exception I have mentioned—with the exception of those who were under the teaching of European or American pastors—I would not trust them with power any more than I would trust the most untamed savage on the wildest of savage lands; or, I might say, any more than the Christians would trust each other. Not once, but many hundred times have Greek Christians told me that they would far rather be under a Turkish ruler than under a Christian governor of any creed. The Maronites and Greek Catholics have told me that they would far rather have a Moslem ruler than one who belonged to the Greek Church; and the Protestant converts have said that they would prefer greatly an Osmanli to either a Greek or a Catholic governor. And yet we talk of the Eastern Christians as if they were a united body; whilst some look forward with pleasure to the day when men ordained at Oxford and Cambridge may be "united" with the Greek monks of Lebanon or Jerusalem. We know of old how a little knowledge is a dangerous thing; but it seems that a short residence in any foreign land often leads men into greater mistakes and blunders, than if they had never been out of their own country.

M. LAING MEASON.

IMAGINARY PORTRAITS.

I. THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE.

As Florian Deleal walked, one hot afternoon, he overtook by the wayside a poor aged man, and, as he seemed weary with the road, helped him on with the burden which he carried, a certain distance. And as the man told his story, it chanced that he named the place, a little place in the neighbourhood of a great city, where Florian had passed his earliest years, but which he had never since seen, and, the story told, went forward on his journey comforted. And that night, like a reward for his pity, a dream of that place came to Florian, a dream which did for him the office of the finer sort of memory, bringing its object to mind with a great clearness, yet, as sometimes happens in dreams, raised a little above itself, and above ordinary retrospect. The true aspect of the place, especially of the house there in which he had lived as a child, the fashion of its doors, its hearths, its windows, the very scent upon the air of it, was with him in sleep for a season; only, with tints more musically blent on wall and floor, and some finer light and shadow running in and out along its curves and angles, and with all its little carvings daintier. He awoke with a sigh at the thought of almost thirty years which lay between him and that place, yet with a flutter of pleasure still within him at the fair light, as if it were a smile, upon it. And it happened that this accident of his dream was just the thing needed for the beginning of a certain design he then had in view, the noting, namely, of some things in the story of his spirit—in that process of brain-building by which we are, each one of us, what we are. With the image of the place so clear and favourable upon him, he fell to think-

ing of himself therein, and how his thoughts had grown upon him. In that half-spiritualised house he could watch the better, over again, the gradual expansion of the soul which had come to be there—of which indeed, through the law which makes the material objects about them so large an element in children's lives, it had actually become a part; inward and outward being woven through and through each other into one inextricable texture—half, tint and trace and accident of homely colour and form, from the wood and the bricks of it; half, mere soul-stuff, floated thither from who knows how far. In the house and garden of his dream he saw a child moving, and could divide the main streams, at least, of the winds that had played on him, and study so the first stage in that mental journey.

The *old house*, as when Florian talked of it afterwards he always called it, (as all children do, who can recollect a change of home, soon enough but not too soon to mark a period in their lives) really was an old house; and an element of French descent in its inmates—descent from Watteau, the old court-painter, one of whose gallant pieces still hung in one of the rooms—might explain, together with some other things, a noticeable trimness and comely whiteness about everything there—the curtains, the couches, the paint on the walls with which the light and shadow played so delicately, might explain also the tolerance of the great poplar in the garden, a tree most often despised by English people, but which French people love, having observed a certain fresh way its leaves have of dealing with the wind, making it sound, in never so light a stirring of the air, like running water.

The old-fashioned, low wainscoting

went round the rooms, and up the staircase with carved balusters and shadowy angles, landing half-way up at a broad window, with a swallow's nest below the sill, and the blossom of an old pear-tree showing across it in late April, against the blue, below which the perfumed juice of the find of fallen fruit in autumn was so fresh. At the next turning came the closet which held on its deep shelves the best china. Little angel faces, and reedy flutings stood round the fireplace of the children's room. And on the top of the house, above the large attic, where the white mice ran in the twilight—an infinite, unexplored wonderland of childish treasures, glass beads, empty scent-bottles still sweet, thrum of coloured silks, among its lumber—a flat space of roof, railed about, gave a view of the neighbouring steeples; for the house, as I said, stood near a great city, which sent up heavenwards, over the twisting weather-vanes, not seldom, its beds of rolling cloud and smoke, touched with storm or sunshine. But the child of whom I am writing did not hate the fog for the crimson lights which fell from it sometimes upon the chimneys, and the whites which gleamed through its openings, on summer mornings, on turret or pavement. For it is false to suppose that a child's sense of beauty is dependent on any choiceness, or special fineness, in the objects which present themselves to it, though this indeed comes to be the rule with most of us in later life; earlier, in some degree, we see inwardly; and the child finds for itself, and with unstinted delight, a difference for the sense, in those whites and reds through the smoke on very homely buildings, and in the gold of the dandelions at the road-side, just beyond the houses, where not a handful of earth is virgin and untouched, in the lack of better ministries to its desire of beauty.

This house, then, stood not far beyond the gloom and rumours of the town, among high garden-walls, bright all summer-time with Golden-rod, and

brown-and-golden Wall-flower,—*Flosparietis*, as the children's Latin-reading father taught them to call it, while he was with them. Tracing back the threads of his complex spiritual habit, as he was used in after years to do, Florian found that he owed to the place many tones of sentiment afterwards customary with him, certain inward lights under which things most naturally presented themselves to him. The coming and going of travellers to the town along the way, the shadow of the streets, the sudden breadth of the neighbouring gardens, the singular brightness of bright weather there, its singular darkneses which linked themselves in his mind to certain engraved illustrations in the old big Bible at home, the coolness of the dark, cavernous shops round the great church, with its giddy winding stair up to the pigeons and the bells—a citadel of peace in the heart of the trouble—all this acted on his childish fancy, so that ever afterwards the like aspects and incidents never failed to throw him into a well-recognised imaginative mood, seeming actually to have become a part of the texture of his mind. Also, Florian could trace home to this point an all-pervading preference in himself for a kind of comeliness and dignity, an *urbanity* literally, in modes of life, which he connected with the pale people of towns, and which made him susceptible to a kind of exquisite satisfaction in the trimness and well-considered grace of certain things and persons he afterwards met with, here and there, in his way through the world.

So the child of whom I am writing lived on there quietly; things without thus ministering to him, as he sat daily at the window with the bird-cage hanging below it, and his mother taught him to read, wondering at the ease with which he learned, and at the quickness of his memory. The perfume of the little flowers of the lime-tree fell through the air upon them, like rain; while time seemed to

move ever more slowly to the murmur of the bees in it, till it almost stood still on June afternoons. How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the environment of early childhood. How indelibly, as we afterwards discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax of our ingenuous souls, as "with lead in the rock for ever," giving form and feature, and as it were assigned house-room in our memory, to early experiences of feeling and thought, which abide with us ever afterwards, thus, and not otherwise. The realities and passions, the rumours of the greater world without, steal in upon us, each by its own special little passage-way, through the wall of custom about us; and never afterwards quite detach themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us. Our susceptibilities, the discovery of our powers, manifold experiences—our various experiences of the coming and going of bodily pain, for instance—belong to this or the other well-remembered place in the material habitation—that little white room with the window across which the heavy blossoms could beat so peevishly in the wind, with just that particular catch or throb, such a sense of teasing in it, on gusty mornings: and the early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions; and, irresistibly, little shapes, voices, accidents—the angle at which the sun in the morning fell on the pillow—become parts of the great chain where-with we are bound.

Thus far, for Florian, what all this had determined was a peculiarly strong sense of home—so forcible a motive with all of us—prompting to us our customary love of the earth, and the larger part of our fear of death, that

revulsion we have from it, as from something strange, untried, unfriendly; though life-long imprisonment, they tell you, and final banishment from home is a thing bitterer still; the looking forward to but a short space, a mere childish *gouter* and dessert of it, before the end, being so great a resource of effort to pilgrims and wayfarers, and the soldier in distant quarters, and lending, in lack of that, some power of solace to the thought of sleep in the home churchyard at least, dead cheek by dead cheek, and with the rain soaking in upon one from above.

So powerful is this instinct, and yet such accidents as these so mechanically determine it; its essence being indeed the early familiar, as constituting our ideal, or typical conception, of rest and security. Out of so many possible conditions, just this for you, and that for me, brings ever the unmistakable realisation of the delightful *chez soi*; this for the Englishman, for me and you, with the closely-drawn white curtain and the shaded lamp; that, quite other, for the wandering Arab, who folds his tent every morning, and makes his sleeping place among haunted ruins, or in old tombs.

With Florian, then, the sense of home became singularly intense, his good fortune being that the special character of his home was in itself so essentially home-like. As, after many wanderings, I have come to fancy that some parts of Surrey and Kent are, for Englishmen, the true landscape, true home-counties, by right, partly, of a certain earthy warmth in the yellow of the sand below their gorse-bushes, and of a certain grey-blue mist after rain, in the hollows of the hills there, welcome to fatigued eyes, and never seen farther south; so I think that the sort of house I have described, with precisely those proportions of red-brick and green, and with a just perceptible monotony in the subdued order of it, for its distinguishing note, is, for Englishmen at least, typi-

cally home-like. And so for Florian that general human instinct was reinforced by this special home-likeness in the place the wandering soul of him had happened to light on, as, in the second degree, its body and earthly tabernacle; the sense of harmony between such soul and its physical environment became, for a time at least, like perfectly played music, and the life led there singularly tranquil and filled with a curious sense of self-possession. The love of security, of an habitually undisputed standing-ground or sleeping-place, came to count for much in the generation and correcting of his thoughts, and afterwards as a salutary principle of restraint in all his wanderings of spirit. The wistful yearning towards home, in absence from it, as the shadows of evening deepened, and he followed in thought what was doing there from hour to hour, interpreted to him much of a yearning and regret he experienced afterwards, towards he knew not what, out of strange ways of feeling and thought in which, from time to time, his spirit found itself alone; and in the tears shed in such absences there seemed always to be some soul-subduing foretaste of what his last tears might be.

So the sense of security could hardly have been deeper, the quiet of the child's soul being one with the quiet of its home, a place "inclosed" and "sealed." But upon this assured place, upon the child's assured soul, which resembled it, there came floating in from the larger world without, as at windows left ajar unknowingly, or over the high garden walls, two streams of impressions, the sentiments of beauty and pain—recognitions of the visible, tangible, audible loveliness of things, as a very real and somewhat tyrannous element in them—and of the sorrow of the world, of grown people, and children, and animals, as a thing not to be put by in them. From this point he could trace two predominant processes of mental change in him—the growth of an almost diseased sensibility

to the spectacle of suffering, and, parallel with this, the surprisingly rapid growth of a certain capacity of fascination by bright colour and choice form—the sweet curvings, for instance, of the lips of those who seemed to him comely persons, modulated in such delicate unison to the things they said or sang—marking early the activity in him of a more than customary sensuousness, the "lust of the eye," as the Preacher says, which might lead him, one day, how far! Could he have foreseen the weariness of the way! In music sometimes the two sorts of impressions came together, and he would weep, to the surprise of older people. Tears of joy, too, the child knew, also to older people's surprise; real tears, once, of relief from long-strung, childish expectation, when he found returned at evening, with new roses in her cheeks, the little sister who had been to a place where there was a wood, and brought back for him a treasure of fallen acorns, and black crow's feathers, and the peace at finding her again near him mingled all night with some intimate sense in him of the distant forest, the rumour of its breezes, with the glossy blackbirds aslant and the branches lifted in them, and of the perfect nicety of the little cups that fell. So those two elementary apprehensions of the tenderness and of the colour in things grew apace in him, and were seen by him afterwards to send their roots back into the beginnings of life.

Let me note first some of the occasions of his recognition of the element of pain in things—incidents, now and again, which seemed suddenly to awake in him the whole force of that sentiment which Goethe has called the *Weltschmerz*, and in which the concentrated sorrow of the world seemed suddenly to lie heavy upon him. A book lay in an old book-case, of which he cared to remember one picture—a woman sitting with hands bound behind her, the dress, the cap, the hair, folded with a simplicity which touched him strangely, as if not by her own hands, but with some ambiguous care at the

hands of others—Queen Marie Antoinette, on her way to execution—We all remember David's drawing, meant merely to make her ridiculous. The face that had been so high had learned to be mute and resistless; but out of its very resistlessness, seemed now to call on men to have pity, and forbear; and he took note of that, as he closed the book, as a thing to look at again, if he should at any time find himself tempted to be cruel. Again, he would never quite forget the appeal in the small sister's face, in the garden under the lilacs, terrified at a spider lighted on her sleeve. He could trace back to the look then noted a certain mercy he conceived always for people in fear, even of little things, which seemed to make him, though but for a moment, capable of almost any sacrifice of himself. Impressible, susceptible persons, indeed, who had had their sorrows, lived about him; and this sensibility was due in part to the tacit influence of their presence, enforcing upon him habitually the fact that there are those who pass their days, as a matter of course, in a sort of "going quietly." Most poignantly of all he could recall, in unfading minutest circumstance, the cry on the stair, sounding bitterly through the house, and struck into his soul for ever, of an aged woman, his father's sister, come now to announce his death in distant India; how it seemed to make the aged woman like a child again; and, he knew not why, but this fancy was full of pity to him. There were the little sorrows of the dumb animals too—of the white angora, with a dark tail like an ermine's, and a face like a flower, who fell into a lingering sickness, and became quite delicately human in its valetudinarianism, and came to have a hundred different expressions of voice—how it grew worse and worse, till it began to feel the light too much for it, and at last, after one wild morning of pain, the little soul flickered away from the body, quite worn to death already, and now but feebly retaining it.

So he wanted another pet; and as

there were starlings about the place, which could be taught to speak, one of them was caught, and he meant to treat it kindly: but in the night its young ones could be heard crying after it, and the responsive cry of the mother-bird towards them; and at last, with the first light, though not till after some debate with himself, he went down and opened the cage, and saw a sharp bound of the prisoner up to her nestlings; and therewith came the sense of remorse, that he too was become an accomplice in moving, to the limit of his small power, the springs and handles of that great machine in things, constructed so ingeniously to play pain-fugues on the delicate nerve-work of living creatures.

I have remarked how, in the process of our brain-building, as the house of thought in which we live gets itself together, like some airy bird's nest of floating thistle-down and chance straws, compact at last, little accidents have their consequence; and thus it happened that, as he walked one evening, a garden gate, usually closed, stood open; and lo! within, a great red hawthorn, in full flower, embossing heavily the bleached and twisted trunk and branches, so aged that there were but few green leaves thereon—a plumage of tender, crimson fire out of the heart of the dry wood. The perfume of the tree had now and again reached him, in the currents of the wind, over the wall, and he had wondered what might be behind it, and was now allowed to fill his arms with the flowers—flowers enough for all the old blue-china pots along the chimney-piece, making *fête* in the children's room. Was it some periodic moment in the expansion of soul within him, or mere trick of heat in the heavily-laden summer air? But the beauty of the thing struck home to him feverishly, and in dreams, all night, he loitered along a magic roadway of crimson flowers, which seemed to open ruddily in thick, fresh masses about his feet, and fill softly all the little hollows in the banks on either side.

Always afterwards, summer by summer, as the flowers came on, the blossom of the red hawthorn still seemed to him absolutely the reddest of all things; and the goodly crimson, still alive in the works of old Venetian masters, or old Flemish tapestries, called out always from afar, the recollection of the flame in those perishing little petals, as it pulsed gradually out of them, kept long in the drawers of an old cabinet. Also, then, for the first time, he seemed to experience a passionateness in his relation to fair outward objects, an inexplicable excitement in their presence, which disturbed him, and from which he half longed to be free. A touch of regret or desire mingled all night with the remembered presence of the red flowers, and their perfume in the darkness about him; and the longing for some undivined, entire possession of them was the beginning of a revelation to him, growing ever clearer, with the coming of the gracious summer guise of fields, and trees, and persons in each succeeding year, of a certain, at times seemingly exclusive, predominance in his interests of beautiful physical things, a kind of tyranny of the senses over him.

In later years he came upon philosophies which occupied him much in the estimate of the proportion of the sensuous and the ideal elements in human knowledge, the relative parts they bear in it; and, in his intellectual scheme, was led to assign very little to the abstract thought, and much to its sensible vehicle or occasion. Such metaphysical speculation did but reinforce what was instinctive in his way of receiving the world, and for him, everywhere, that sensible vehicle or occasion became, perhaps only too surely, the necessary concomitant of any perception of things, real enough to be of any weight or reckoning, in his house of thought. There were times when he could think of the necessity he was under of associating all thoughts to touch and sight, as a sympathetic link between himself and actual, feeling, living objects; a pro-

test in favour of real men and women against mere grey, unreal abstractions; and he remembered gratefully how the Christian religion, hardly less than the religion of the ancient Greeks, translating so much of its spiritual verity into things that may be seen, condescends in part to sanction this infirmity, if so it be, of our human existence, wherein the world of sense is so much with us, and welcomed this thought as a kind of keeper and sentinel over his soul therein. But, certainly he came, more and more, to be unable to care for, or think of soul but as in an actual body, or of any world but that wherein are, water and trees, and where men and women look, so or so, and press actual hands. It was the trick even his pity learned, fastening those who suffered in anywise to his affections by a kind of sensible attachments. He would think of Julian, fallen into inetrable sickness, as spoiled in the sweet blossom of his skin like pale amber, and his honey-like hair; of Cecil, early dead, as cut off from the lilies, from golden summer days, from women's voices; and then what comforted him a little was the thought of the turning of the child's flesh to violets in the turf above him. And thinking of the very poor, it was not the things which most men care most for that he yearned to give them; but fairer roses, perhaps, and power to taste quite as they will, at their ease and not task-burdened, a certain desirable, clear light in the new morning, through which sometimes he had noticed them, quite unconscious of it, on their way to their early toil.

So he yielded himself to these things, to be played upon by them like a musical instrument, and began to note with deepening watchfulness, but always with some puzzled, unutterable longing in his enjoyment, the phases of the seasons and of the growing or waning day, down even to the shadowy changes wrought on bare wall or ceiling—the light cast up from the snow, bringing out their darkest angles; the brown light in the cloud,

which meant rain ; that almost too austere clearness, in the protracted light of the lengthening day, before warm weather began, as if it lingered but to make a severer workday, with the school-books opened earlier and later ; that beam of June sunshine, at last, as he lay awake before the time, a way of gold-dust across the darkness ; all the humming, the freshness, the perfume of the garden seemed to lie upon it—and coming in one afternoon in September, along the red gravel walk, to look for a basket of yellow crab-apples left in the cool, old parlour, he remembered it the more, and how the colours struck upon him, because a wasp on one bitten apple stung him, and he felt the passion of sudden, severe pain. For this too brought its curious reflexions ; and, in relief from it, he would wonder over it—how it had then been with him—puzzled at the depth of the charm or spell over him, which lay, for a little while at least, in the mere absence of pain ; once, especially, when an older boy taught him to make flowers of sealing-wax, and he had burnt his hand badly at the lighted taper, and been unable to sleep. He remembered that also afterwards, as a sort of typical thing—a white vision of heat about him, clinging closely, through the languid scent of the ointments put upon the place to make it well.

Also, as he felt this pressure upon him of the sensible world, then, as often afterwards, there would come another sort of curious questioning how the last impressions of eye and ear might happen to him, how they would find him—the scent of the last flower, the soft yellowness of the last morning, the last recognition of some object of affection, hand or voice ; it could not be but that the latest look of the eyes, before their final closing, would be strangely vivid ; one would go with the hot tears, the cry, the touch of the wistful bystander, impressed how deeply on one ! or would it be, perhaps, a mere frail retiring of all things, great or little, away from one, into a level distance ?

For with this desire of physical beauty mingled itself early the fear of death—the fear of death intensified by the desire of beauty. Hitherto he had never gazed upon dead faces, as sometimes, afterwards, at the *Morgue* in Paris, or in that fair cemetery at Munich, where all the dead must go and lie in state before burial, behind glass windows, among the flowers and incense and holy candles—the aged clergy with their sacred ornaments, the young men in their dancing-shoes and spotless white linen—after which visits, those waxen, resistless faces would always live with him for many days, making the broadest sunshine sickly. The child had heard indeed of the death of his father, and how, in the Indian station, a fever had taken him, so that though not in action he had yet died as a soldier ; and hearing of the “resurrection of the just,” he could think of him as still abroad in the world, somehow, for his protection—a grand, though perhaps rather terrible figure, in beautiful soldier’s things, like the figure in the picture of Joshua’s Vision in the Bible—and of that, round which the mourners moved so softly, and afterwards with such solemn singing, as but a worn-out garment left at a deserted lodging. So it was, until on a summer day he walked with his mother through a fair churchyard. In a bright dress he rambled among the graves, in the gay weather, and so came, in one corner, upon an open grave for a child—a dark space on the brilliant grass—the black mould lying heaped up round it, weighing down the little jewelled branches of the dwarf rose-bushes in flower. And therewith came, full-grown, never wholly to leave him, with the certainty that even children do sometimes die, the physical horror of death, with its wholly selfish recoil from the association of lower forms of life, and the suffocating weight above. No benign, grave figure in beautiful soldier’s things any longer abroad in the world for his protection ! only a few poor, piteous bones ; and above them, pos-

sibly, a certain sort of figure he hoped not to see. For sitting one day in the garden below an open window, he heard people talking, and could not but listen, how, in a sleepless hour, a sick woman had seen one of the dead sitting beside her, come to call her hence; and from the broken talk, evolved with much clearness the notion that not all those dead people had really departed to the churchyard, nor were quite so motionless as they looked, but led a secret, half-fugitive life in their old homes, quite free by night, though sometimes visible in the day, dodging from room to room, with no great goodwill towards those who shared the place with them. All night the figure sat beside him in the reveries of his broken sleep, and was not quite gone in the morning—an odd, irreconcilable new member of the household, making the sweet familiar chambers unfriendly and suspect by its uncertain presence. He could have hated the dead he had pitied so, for being thus. Afterwards he came to think of those poor, home-returning ghosts, which all men have fancied to themselves—the *revenants*—pathetically, as crying, or beating with vain hands at the doors, as the wind came, their cries distinguishable in it as a wilder inner note. But, always making death more unfamiliar still, that old experience would ever, from time to time, return to him; even in the living he sometimes caught its likeness; at any time or place, in a moment, the faint atmosphere of the chamber of death would be breathed around him, and the image with the bound chin, the quaint smile, the straight, stiff feet, shed itself across the air upon the bright carpet, amid the gayest company, or happiest communing with himself.

To most children the sombre questionings to which impressions like these attach themselves, if they come at all, are actually suggested by religious books, which therefore they often regard with much secret distaste, and dismiss, as far as possible, from their habitual thoughts as a too

depressing element in life. To Florian such impressions, these misgivings as to the ultimate tendency of the years, of the relationship between life and death, had been suggested spontaneously in the natural course of his mental growth by a strong innate sense for the soberer tones in things, further strengthened by actual circumstances; and religious sentiment, that system of biblical ideas in which he had been brought up, presented itself to him as a thing that might soften and dignify, and light up as with a "lively hope," a melancholy already deeply settled in him. So he yielded himself easily to religious impressions, and with a kind of mystical appetite for sacred things; the more as they came to him through a saintly person who loved him tenderly, and believed that this early preoccupation with them already marked the child out for a saint. He began to love, for their own sakes, church lights, holy days, all that belonged to the comely order of the sanctuary, the secrets of its white linen, and holy vessels, and fonts of pure water; and its hieratic purity and simplicity became the type of something he desired always to have about him in actual life. He pored over the pictures in religious books, and knew by heart the exact mode in which the wrestling angel grasped Jacob, how Jacob looked in his mysterious sleep, how the bells and pomegranates were attached to the hem of Aaron's vestment, sounding sweetly as he glided over the turf of the holy place. His way of conceiving religion came then to be in effect what it ever afterwards remained—a sacred history, indeed, but still more a sacred ideal, a transcendent version or representation, under intenser and more expressive light and shade, of human life and its familiar or exceptional incidents, birth, death, marriage, youth, age, tears, joy, rest, sleep, waking—a mirror, towards which men might turn away their eyes from vanity and dullness, and see themselves therein as angels, with their daily meat and drink, even, become a kind of sacred transac-

tion—a complementary strain or burden, applied to our every-day existence, whereby the stray snatches of music in it re-set themselves, and fall into the scheme of some higher and more consistent harmony. A place adumbrated itself in his thoughts, wherein those sacred personalities, which are at once the reflex and the pattern of our nobler phases of life, housed themselves; and this region in his intellectual scheme all subsequent experience did but tend still further to realise and define. Some ideal, hieratic persons he would always need to occupy it and keep a warmth there. And he could hardly understand those who felt no such need at all, finding themselves quite happy without such heavenly companionship, and sacred double of their life, beside them.

Thus a constant substitution of the typical for the actual took place in his thoughts. Angels might be met by the way, under English elm or beech-tree; mere messengers seemed like angels, bound on celestial errands; a deep mysticly brooded over real meetings and partings; marriages were made in heaven; and deaths also, with hands of angels thereupon, to bear soul and body quietly asunder, each to its appointed rest. All the acts and accidents of daily life borrowed a sacred colour and significance; the very colours of things became themselves weighty with meanings like the sacred stuffs of Moses' tabernacle, full of penitence or peace. Sentiment, congruous in the first instance only with those divine transactions, the deep, effusive unction of the House of Bethany, was assumed as the due attitude for the reception of our every-day existence; and for a time he walked through the world in a sustained, not unpleasurable awe, generated by the habitual recognition, beside every circumstance and event of life, of its celestial correspondent.

Sensibility—the desire of physical beauty—a strange Biblical awe, which made any reference to the unseen act on

him like solemn music—these qualities the child took away with him, when, at about the age of twelve years, he left the old house, and was taken to live in another place. He had never left home before, and, anticipating much from this change, had long dreamed over it, jealously counting the days till the time fixed for departure should come: had been a little careless about others, even, in his strong desire for it—when Lewis fell sick, for instance, and they must wait still two days longer. At last the morning came, very fine; and all things—the very pavement with its dust, at the roadside—seemed to have a white, pearl-like lustre in them. They were to travel by a favourite road on which he had often walked a certain distance, and on one of those two prisoner days, when Lewis was sick, had walked farther than ever before, in his great desire to reach the new place. They had started and gone a little way when a pet bird was found to have been left behind, and must even now—so it presented itself to him—have already all the appealing fierceness and wild self-pity at heart of one left by others to perish of hunger in a closed house; and he returned to fetch it, himself in hardly less stormy distress. But as he passed in search of it from room to room, lying so pale, with a look of meekness in their denudation, and at last through that little, stripped white room, the aspect of the place touched him like the face of one dead; and a clinging back towards it came over him, so intense that he knew it would last long, and spoiling all his pleasure in the realisation of a thing so eagerly anticipated. And so, with the bird found, but himself in an agony of home-sickness, thus capriciously sprung up within him, he was driven quickly away, far into the rural distance, so fondly speculated on, of that favourite country-road.

WALTER H. PATER.

AN HOUR ON THE CLIFF.

I.

"Who can strive always? easier to lie down,
And let the bitter waves wash o'er me quite."
So spoke my heart this eve; a brave face shown
Before the world is well enough; a light
Laugh, and an answer prompt to hide, well too—
But with the laugh and jest my sorrow grew.

II.

It grew till forth it drove me to the heights
Far from the town, above the waters wide.
No day of sunshine this; no sudden lights
Striking the gray and scarcely-heaving tide;
No sound, but where the slow waves touch the land,
And, breaking, leave a foam-fleck on the sand.

III.

All seems in harmony—sea, land, and sky—
With the sad peace of one, who, yielding all,
No longer fights or strives; I too would try
To be at peace, shake off this painful thrall,
Cut out this pricking sorrow from my heart,
Lay bare and probe my long-concealed smart.

IV.

Not with the future lies my grief, I said;
(Was it a foolish fancy?) for in spring,
When all the air is warm, and overhead
High in the scented pines the finches sing,
And I can hear the children's voices call
Their happy mothers, and the sea through all,

V.

Then I can dream, as happy as a child,
And days to come are bright with hope serene,
No vision seems too lofty or too wild,
I am a Saint, a Poet, or a Queen!
But—(oh my Love forgive me!) from the past,
O'er my life's sunshine, is this shadow cast.

VI.

It is the past I cannot, dare not meet.
Sealed up it is; thrust out of sight, below
The surface of my days; yet, bittersweet,
The mingled past can rise and sting me through.
Will it be ne'er forgotten? never sleep?
Although I laugh, and jest, and will not weep?

VII.

So I come out upon this Cliff to-day
To dare remember! Thinking that may-be
If once I face my dread, nor turn away
Although pain wring my heart, yet I may see
The spectre of those past too happy years,
Turn to a minist'ring angel thro' my tears.

VIII.

I lie upon this dead and stunted heath
Close to the Cliff's edge, that my eye may sweep
From distant coastlines to the sand beneath,
Where in his boat a fisher boy's asleep—
And gazing wide-eyed at the sea, at last,
Dare with a trembling courage face the past.

IX.

A day in summer first, and golden haze
Upon sub-tropic seas! The little isles,
Whose wooded peaks are purple in the blaze,
And glittering sands where one may pace for miles,
I conjure up; and, by the river broad,
Just where it meets the sea—a little toward

X.

That clump of flowering grass—(O Love, you too,
Do *you* remember it?) we stand abreast,
Watching old Watu as the net he threw
Across the river's mouth; we, silent, lest
We scare the herrings e'er the tide has run—
What need of speech between, when souls are one!

XI.

Another day, crown of all time, comes back,
When side by side we wander through the Bush,
Where never feet but ours have worn a track.
There is your love outspoken in the hush;
Your ring, twined round my finger, set with a kiss—
A tendril from the white-starr'd clematis.

XII.

A short month later comes an autumn day,
 When the air's keen and clear, and the far hills
 Are capped with gleams of snow. We ride away,
 Up hill and down! A deep content now fills
 Our hearts, and smoothes the trouble from your brow;
 Wedded and one, what could divide us now?

XIII.

Oh foolish boast! Oh impotence of love!
 Too soon the happy days, the happy years,
 Are gone. All earthly gain and loss but prove
 Your steadfastness; the petty hopes and fears
 Of daily cares, these cannot souls divide;
 We smile and say: 'We'll conquer side by side.'

XIV.

Comes a spring morning, gay with song and shine,
 When Death between us steals, and takes your hand,
 And you are mine no longer; for not mine
 Those unresponsive lips and eyes; I stand
 Among the rustling clover and the grass
 Where they have laid you; mute, I homeward pass,

XV.

Ever and ever asking: 'Where is he?'
 Not mine these ashes, or this dust; but mine,
 Mine, the young lover pleading passionately!
 The steadfast friend proved by long years; the fine
 Pure spirit, that these last days shone
 Through the worn wasted flesh—Where is he gone?

* * * * *

XVI.

Is it an hour only since I went
 Out on the lonely cliff, to sit apart
 And view those years again, with a will bent
 To face the past? Hast thou found peace, my heart?
 At least I've wept till I can weep no more,
 And I shall sleep to-night.

A. L. L.

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CYPRUS.

INFORMATION concerning the last pearl added to the diadem of the Queen of England cannot fail to be of interest to the British public at the present moment. All are naturally asking what is this new member adopted into the British family—is he a hopeless renegade or a promising child? In the following remarks I venture to give a few details concerning this new possession of Cyprus, which may assist the British public in forming a sound judgment upon this interesting and most important question. And I begin by saying that my information is the result of nine years residence in the island, under circumstances the most favourable to obtaining an intimate knowledge of the country, its inhabitants, its capabilities, and its administration. I have wandered over the island from end to end, lived and talked with its people, both rulers and peasants, in the most unreserved manner, and have been associated with the fiscal administration of the country. It is in consideration of these exceptional advantages that I presume to write upon the subject.

A glance at any map will convince the most incredulous of the advantageous position which Cyprus occupies both as a defence to the Suez Canal and a possibly-future Euphrates Valley Railway, and as a starting point and depot for any operations which in the future may become necessary for the defence of our interests in Asiatic Turkey. All the great aggressive dynasties of the world—Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Macedonian—all found the capture or subjection of Cyprus to be a first and necessary step in their approaches upon Egypt. Good reason then have we, so deeply interested in Egypt, to be satisfied that this important position should be

in our possession. In proportion as it would be valuable against us in the hands of our enemies, so is it precious in ours, as a barrier against the approach of any power which might menace our communications through Egypt. But this is not the only advantage which we may derive, or rather which the cause of progress may derive, from the unfurling of the British flag over Cyprus. To those who believe in the regeneration of Turkey by the hands of its present dominant race, the British position in Cyprus will be acceptable, as affording a near and practical example of the kind of justice and administration which all the Turkish provinces require; and just as it is easier to imitate than to initiate, so the task of the Sublime Porte will be immensely facilitated. Again, to those (unfortunately a very large number) who doubt of the possibility of Turkey's regeneration by Mussulman hands, and who consequently foresee in the near future a severe crisis through which the populations of Turkey must pass in order to attain their deliverance from fatal misgovernment, the British position in Cyprus will be valued as a powerful support to these struggling nationalities, and a wholesome check upon any outbreak of Mussulman fanaticism which may be dreaded as the last sicker of a dying light. Thus the moral influence of the nearer proximity of England—the lover of liberty and the noblest example of its triumphs—will be an immense aid to the elements in Turkey which are combating after progress, and will act as a discouragement to all the partisans of oppression and injustice.

But Cyprus, as a British possession, must become a model of good govern-

ment, an oasis in the surrounding desert of unenlightened administrations. Yet, the truth must be plainly told, to attain this is not easy, and our first struggles after its attainment may be costly and humiliating. It is very easy to do as we did in Corfu, spend a lot of money, and thus create a kind of artificial prosperity at the cost of the mother country. But it ought to make us blush to think that, as far as concerns the material prosperity of the vital interests of the island, Corfu is just as well off to-day under the Greeks as it was when under the model government of the world. The fact is we are, as a nation, too insular, and, thinking nothing good but what is born in our contracted home-sphere, we impose our British notions upon subjects brought up under entirely different circumstances. You cannot, except at the cost of great discomfort and considerable grumbling, put Oriental feet, accustomed to the simplest covering, into tight-fitting Western boots; nor will you ever in an Oriental clime find close-fitting Western boots a suitable covering. The progress towards Western standards must be gradual, and must especially go upon the line of steadily improving the systems of justice and administration which have been long current in the country, and thus by steady steps raise the Eastern conceptions to Western principles. During my first years in Cyprus I tried to introduce the Western system of agriculture, and for this purpose got out English ploughs, harrows, &c. But I was not long in finding out that much of what was good in the West was unsuitable to the East, and that if I wished to make full use of the materials for work around me, I must follow a system in which the natives could give me effective aid. In consequence, I abandoned my Western instruments, got the best models of the native plough, bought the best bullocks I could find in the country, adopted the native system of careful selection of seeds, and manured yearly

as much as could be done at a moderate cost. The result was that the natives whom I employed exerted themselves to their utmost to accomplish the object which I kept before them as the only test of success—namely profit—and the results surpassed all my expectations. My control existed in a careful record of results, the efficacy of which my Mohammedan steward came to admire and even rely upon. Similar must be the principles of the local administration of Cyprus, if it is to be successful; for only in that way will the intelligence of the governed be able to keep in sympathy with the system which governs them. Suppose, as an example, that the system of taxation which from time immemorial has prevailed in Cyprus were to be rudely abolished, and new taxes, after western models—such as an income-tax—were substituted, the people might ultimately adapt themselves to the new order of ideas, but only after a long period of disbelief and of friction, detrimental to that sympathy which ought to exist between the rulers and ruled. On the contrary, if we set to work at once to improve the prevalent system—to eradicate the numberless abuses which are patent to all; to lighten to the utmost the burden of payment by consulting the convenience of the payer; and, above all, by means of elaborate statistics, to bring to the light of day, the result of every tax in its minute details—by so doing we shall have the intelligent approval of our new subjects, and the most gratifying comparisons instituted by them between the past system and the present. Our task must not be to turn Cypriotes into Englishmen, but to possess as subjects happy and prosperous Cypriotes.

Let us now examine whether the characteristics of the people and the capabilities of the island give us fair reason to hope that, if we go rightly about it, we may succeed in making the people happy and the island prosperous.

The population of the island is

roughly estimated at 180,000 inhabitants. By statistics in possession of the Turkish authorities, the number of *contribuables* is 44,000, of whom a part represent unmarried men who have reached the age of maturity. Making the necessary deduction for these, and estimating the families as composed, on an average, of five individuals, it will be apparent that the estimate of 180,000 inhabitants for the whole island is fully justified. Of that population rather more than two-thirds are Christians, and rather less than one-third are Mohammedans. With the exception of a little colony of Maronites, numbering about a thousand, who came to the island a century ago, all the Christian population speaks Greek, and belongs to the Greek Orthodox religion.

The Cypriotes are generally classified under the name of Greek, but from the earliest pre-historic times to this day the characteristics of the people are essentially distinct from those of the Greeks. They are deficient in the liveliness and nervous activity of the Hellenes, and are not inspired by any Hellenic aspirations. They are docile in the highest degree, industrious and sober. Their love of home and family is very remarkable. So strong is the former characteristic that on several occasions I found it very difficult to induce men to leave their native village even for considerable pecuniary advantages. The continual care of parents is the settlement for life of their children, and for this purpose, as soon as their family comes to years of maturity, they portion out amongst its members their property and wealth, so that on the maturity of all their children the parents, in many cases, become simply recipients of their children's bounty. So common is this that a creditor is never satisfied with the signature of a father whose son is of age—the son must also sign the bond. This conduct encourages early marriages, and there is something touching and beautiful in the unselfishness with

which the parents as it were sacrifice their individual existence for the good of their children. It is commonly thought that the morals of the Cypriotes are loose, but this is an entire mistake. The morals of the peasantry will bear most favourable comparison with the same class in England or Scotland, but it is singular how all the domestic affection, especially of the husband, is concentrated in the children. The wife is the unsentimental helpmeet, but the children draw out the affections of the heart. There is little fanaticism in the Mohammedan element. The majority speak Greek as well as Turkish, and live upon the most amicable terms with their Christian neighbours. Indeed, throughout Turkey this is invariably the case where the Mohammedan element is in the minority. In the country districts, polygamy is the exception, not the rule, and the children are in consequence strong and vigorous. By statistics which I collected from several villages in which the Mohammedan and Christian elements were combined, I ascertained that there were more male births among the Mohammedans than among the Christians, and that the proportion of male to female births was very high.

During recent years the increase of the Christian population has been greater than that of the Mohammedan, but this has in some measure been owing to the blood-tax, or conscription to the army, which hitherto has fallen upon the Mohammedans only. This disadvantage under which the latter laboured will now be removed, and a great boon it will be felt. The Christian population is also much more industrious than the Mohammedan, and for many years in the sales of land Mohammedans have been generally sellers and seldom purchasers. The Mohammedan is not, with rare exceptions, an intelligent agriculturist, and the seclusion in which he keeps his wife makes her a less valuable assistant to him than the wife of the Christian is to her husband.

Such is a brief description of the

people whose future is confided to British care, and it will be acknowledged that they possess many encouraging characteristics.

From the earliest times the Greek Church of Cyprus has enjoyed an especial degree of independence. In the fifth century of our era, the growing importance and restless ambition of the See of Antioch menaced the independence of the church in Cyprus, but by a fortunate coincidence (perhaps sagaciously combined) just when the bishops of Cyprus were struggling to prevent their subjection to the Patriarch of Antioch, a shepherd discovered at Salamis the body of St. Barnabas, who, according to tradition, had been murdered there; and with the body a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew, written by the hand of the Cypriote saint. In gratitude for this precious relic, which was sent to Constantinople, the Emperor Zeno confirmed the church of Cyprus in its absolute independence, and conferred upon its head peculiar honours, which he still enjoys. Amongst these were the assumption by the Archbishop of Cyprus of purple silk robes, the insignium of a gold-headed sceptre, the title of Beatitude, and the privilege, only customary with the emperors, of signing in red ink. During my residence in the island the Archbishop was a most enlightened man, and an exemplary and devout Christian. The archbishop is nominated from among the bishops, and the bishops are nominated by the congregations from amongst the monks. The village priests are permitted to marry. It is to be hoped that the highest honours will be paid to these ecclesiastical dignitaries, and that, through them, a wholesome stimulus will be given to education in the island. No impediment is put by the Greek Church upon the free distribution of the Scriptures. After I left the island I had occasion to recommend to the Archbishop of Cyprus the colporteur of an American Bible Society, and received in reply a most friendly letter, in which His Beatitude

expressed the lively interest which he felt in the dissemination of the holy writings.

Unlike the Cretans, the people of Cyprus are very easily governed. Anything like brigandage is unknown in the island, and the Sublime Porte ruled it with hardly any military force. By a special concession, obtained many years ago through the influence of the late Mehemet Kaprusli Pasha, the conscripts raised in Cyprus remained in the island during their term of service, and formed the only military force at the disposal of the governor. Their complete inefficiency was conspicuous, the majority of them not having fired a shot; but their qualities were never tested by any serious work. As a proof of the general security which reigned, I had occasion to send all over the island bags of money for various purposes, which were entrusted to native muleteers without escort, and who gave no receipt for the valuable property which they received. During the Abyssinian War, I purchased for the British Government, in the course of a month, over two thousand mules, in all parts, even the most remote, of the island. The money went in English sovereigns into the interior by native hands before the animals came forward, but not a pound went astray, nor did one of the many agents to whom the purchases were entrusted defraud me of a farthing. The mules were officially reported to be the best which the Government obtained. They visited Magdala, and returned to the coast in good condition for sale.

And now as to the island itself. After Sicily, Cyprus is the richest and most fertile island in the Mediterranean. In shape it resembles a leg of mutton, the shank represented by a narrow promontory thirty-five miles in length and from ten to fifteen in breadth. The greatest breadth across the island is close upon sixty miles, and the greatest length a hundred and twenty. It is traversed by two mountain ranges, one along its northern coast from

Cape Andreas to Cape Cormakiti, and the other on its southern coast. Between these two ranges lies the fertile plain of the Messorie, extending from the Bay of Morpho to the Bay of Salamis.

To a practical mind the best criterion of what may be in the future is what has been in the past. Judged of by the past the future of Cyprus is full of hope. From the ninth to the seventh century B.C. the island had attained to great prosperity, and possessed during thirty years the dominion of the sea called by the Greeks "*thalassocrasia*." Her commerce was so active that she threw out several colonies into foreign parts, and particularly on the coasts of Macedonia, at Cyme in Asia Minor, and at the future site of Antioch in Syria. The climax of her prosperity seems, however, to have been reached in the Ptolemaic era, say from 300 to 100 B.C. About the latter date we read of its king, Ptolemy Lathyrus raising in the island an army of 30,000 men, with which he victoriously opposed Alexander Janneus, then king in Palestine. The fact of his being able to raise such an army for foreign service proves that the population was then very large, probably not less than a million. The prosperity of the island began to wane under the Byzantine Emperors, and suffered severely during the struggles which ended in the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. It is surely not vain to hope that under a beneficent British rule Cyprus may rapidly become as prosperous as it was under the wise administration of Ptolemy Soter. The elements of that past prosperity still exist to-day, and we will proceed to enumerate them.

The chief wealth of the island is agricultural, and the most important products are grain, wine, seeds, locust beans, cotton, madder roots, tobacco silk, and salt.

The wheat produced is of good quality, small in grain, but possessing all the advantages of the hard

wheats of Russia. Unfortunately the value of the grains of Cyprus is diminished in the European markets in consequence of the primitive manner in which they are threshed. The system of threshing is the same as it was in the days of Abraham, and the grain becomes mixed with small stones from the threshing-floor, which can only be separated afterwards at great trouble and expense. This defect is fatal to the use of the grain by nearly all the grinders of flour in England; but it is a defect which may easily be remedied. In the best lands of the chief plain of the Messorie the yield per acre in a good year is as high as forty bushels of barley and thirty bushels of wheat.

The wines of Cyprus have long been celebrated. The best quality, known as "*commanderia*" wine, received its name from the Comandatore of the Knights Templar, and is highly appreciated in France and Italy. It was from Cyprus that the vine was introduced, with so much success, into Madeira, and during my residence in the island fresh vine shoots were applied for by the American Consul at Madeira in consequence of the ravages of the grape disease. The British public may therefore hope at no distant date to drink their Madeira from a British possession. The common wine of the country is very wholesome, but has a disagreeable taste from the tar with which the vessels in which it is fermented are besmeared. Its cost is about a penny per quart bottle, but in the opinion of competent judges it is a wine which, freed from its tarry taste, would be very valuable to the trade for mixing. The culture of the vine in Cyprus has been very seriously affected by the excessive burdens imposed upon it by the Turkish Government. Like all other produce, an eighth part had to be paid to the Treasury, under the tax called "*Dimes*;" but as the tax could not be taken in kind, seeing that the fresh grapes would not keep, it was converted into a money value, fixed

yearly by the local "medjlis," or mixed tribunal. The basis of this value was the market price in the chief town of the district, instead of the value at the place of growth, and thus a tax which ought not to have exceeded twelve and a half per cent, in reality became one of over twenty per cent. Nor was this all. The grapes when converted into wine had to pay an excise duty, which represented a further tax of ten per cent. The natural consequence of these excessive impositions was the diminution of a culture for which the island is particularly adapted. For many reasons it would be wise to free this production from all tax, except a moderate export duty, and the result will be an extensive development in this branch of culture, so profitable to the island and so advantageous to the British consumer.

The exports of wine from the island amounted in 1871 to 514,000 gallons, shipped almost exclusively to the coast of Syria and Alexandria. With improved methods of preparation, it is certain that the wine trade in Cyprus may become very extensive; for the production of grapes may easily be increased fifty-fold.

The island is capable of producing most serviceable qualities of cotton wool. During the American war American seeds were introduced into the island, and proved a great success. It was in connection with their introduction that I first interested myself in the agriculture of the island, not as a business but as a pastime. I found that New Orleans seed was in several respects more sure of success than the native, and my produce was classified in Liverpool at only five per cent less than "middling Orleans" produced in America. But the peasant cultivators found a difficulty in the production of cotton from American seed. The pod from the latter seed opens up at maturity so fully that unless the cotton contained in it is at once picked it falls to the ground and consequently deteriorates. Thus the picking during the season requires to be done almost daily,

but this the tax-gatherer, who had to receive his eighth portion, would not allow, because he could not be in daily attendance. The pod from native seed (conveniently for the tax-gatherer) never opens fully, and may remain weeks in the field after maturity. This circumstance alone sufficed to prevent many native growers from adopting American seed, although they acknowledged its advantages. As nearly all the cotton grown in the island is exported, it would be much better to collect any tax imposed upon the produce at the time of shipment, and not when the crop is gathered. The exports of cotton in 1871 amounted to 770,850 lbs. weight.

The increased cultivation of cotton is dependent upon increased means of irrigation, and this leads me to say that the question of water supply deserves the earnest attention of the new administration. I had in my possession a copy of the opinion of the most eminent authority in France as to the probability of finding water in Cyprus by the artesian system. He indicated several localities where, judging by the geological chart of the island, there is considerable certainty of success in boring artesian wells. I recommended the matter to the Turkish Governor, and was authorised to treat with competent parties in England for the execution of experimental borings. Very moderate terms were arranged with a firm of engineers in London; but, as so often happens in Turkey, before the plans could be carried out, the Governor was removed. The value of water for irrigation in such a country as Cyprus is incalculable, especially if found with the power to raise itself to the surface of the ground.

Twenty years ago the production of tobacco in the island was very considerable, and the qualities grown in certain localities near Limasol, were highly esteemed both in Syria and in Egypt. To-day the production does not represent a tenth part of the consumption of tobacco in the island. The cause of this anomaly is a very common one—

the fiscal arrangements of the Turkish treasury. Every fresh effort at Constantinople to increase the revenues of the country led to the imposition of fresh taxes on tobacco, till at last the tax reached the exorbitant figure of six piastres per oke upon the most inferior qualities. As this represented about fifty per cent of the entire value of the produce, it is not to be wondered at that the culture of tobacco should have almost entirely ceased. But Great Britain has every interest in restoring this valuable culture to its former importance, and for this purpose will act wisely in freeing it for a time from all burden except that of a moderate export duty.

The fruit of the caroub-tree, called in commerce locust-beans, is an important article of export from the island. It is the pod referred to in the New Testament as the "husks which the swine did eat," and with which the prodigal son was content to appease the cravings of his hunger. The chief export of the bean from Cyprus is to Russia, where it is esteemed and eaten as a fruit. The article has however been frequently and largely exported to England, and is employed as food for cattle, and also in the manufacture of a kind of molass. The great obstacle to its larger consumption here has been the cost of freight, which represents about thirty per cent of its price at the place of shipment. Now that British enterprise is especially directed to Cyprus, it is probable that means will be found to crush and manufacture it before shipment, and thus economise in large part the heavy cost of freight. The production is a very valuable one to the island, as it requires little labour and is largely remunerative. The present export from the island is about 10,000 tons annually. The natives manufacture from the bean a kind of sweet cake, which is highly esteemed and very nutritive.

The production of salt is a Government monopoly. There are two ex-

tensive salt lakes in the island, one near Larnaca, and the other near Limasol. During the rainy season these lakes are filled with fresh water, which the heat of summer evaporates. The soil is strongly impregnated with salt, which combines with the fresh water, and when the latter evaporates, a crust of pure salt is left upon the surface of the ground. This is gathered into mounds, and sold by the Government for local consumption, and for export to the coast of Syria. The only precaution necessary is to prevent the influx of more fresh water into the lakes than experience has proved that the sun's rays can evaporate during summer. The increase in the value of this revenue to the Government has been very remarkable. Forty years ago the salt lake of Larnaca was leased for an annual payment of 400*l*. To-day the same lake produces to the Government over 20,000*l*. net. The revenue may still greatly be increased by economising the charges of shipment, and thus successfully competing with the salt lakes of Tunis, which furnish a large part of the supplies required on the coast of Syria. The price fixed by the Turkish Government is twenty paras per oke, or about 3*l*. per ton. No effort is made to refine the salt. It was hopeless to expect such efforts from the Turkish Government, but they deserve to be made by British enterprise, and are certain of success.

From the preceding remarks it will be sufficiently evident that the agricultural capabilities of Cyprus are very large, and when we add that not a tenth part of the land is under cultivation, and that the part now cultivated does not produce, owing to defective modes of culture, more than a half of what it might yield, we have said enough to prove the large field for intelligent development which the island presents. But it would be unwise to conceal the natural disadvantages under which the island has laboured in the past, and with which we must contend in the future.

The first of these disadvantages which we would mention is one from which our possessions in India periodically suffer, namely drought. Before our era we have no record of the island being thus afflicted; but in the third century A.D. we read of Cyprus having been nearly depopulated by the continuance of drought during seventeen years. In the time of the Venetian domination mention is also made of great suffering from the same cause; and I myself had in 1869 the misfortune of being a witness of the disastrous results attendant upon a year of small rainfall. In that year the whole rainfall for twelve months amounted only to five-and-a-half inches, and, as may be readily conceived, the consequence was an almost total failure of the crops. In my own personal experience I did not even gather what I had sown, and my condition was even more fortunate than that of the majority around me. At all times the rainfall is small in Cyprus, and seldom exceeds one-third of the rainfall in Syria. The natural cause of this is to be found in the absence of high mountain ranges and in the paucity of wood. But on the other hand, the nature of the soil makes a large rainfall unnecessary. The peasants say that the grain-crops mature by the dews of heaven, which are usually heavy in the spring months of the year; and my observations during several years convince me that a rainfall of thirteen inches from October to June suffices to produce a fair crop of grain. It is the improvidence of the peasants, and the rapacity of the Government in good years, which make the results of a year of drought so disastrous. In my experience, able patiently to wait, without falling into the hands of usurers or diminishing my operations, I found an ample compensation in the very abundant harvests of the succeeding years—the natural consequence of the forced repose which the land had enjoyed. But with the majority of native cultivators the case is very different. They fall behind in their financial position, become

a prey to exacting usurers, are unable to replace the bullocks which they had not the means to maintain in life; in a word, as they themselves aptly express it, “the wheel of their operations gets broken,” and it requires long years of prosperity to restore their position. Hence the acuteness of their immediate suffering and the years of privation which follow. Much may be done, however, by a wise Government to obviate the frequent recurrence of drought, and in no way more surely than by encouraging the planting of trees in the island.

Another calamity from which Cyprus has suffered grievously in the past, and which is an important cause of its present low prosperity, is the scourge of locusts. Thanks to the intelligent efforts of Said Pasha, one of the few able governors which the island for too short a time possessed, the destruction of locusts was accomplished a few years ago, and the new administration has only now to watch with attention against their return. In one year 50,000 oke, or about sixty-two tons weight of locust eggs were collected and destroyed, and at that time some interesting facts connected with that destructive insect came to my knowledge. It was ascertained that on an average every bag of locust-seeds contains the germs of forty locusts, so that each female locust had deposited in mother earth, for future delivery, forty inveterate enemies of humanity. Every oke of locust-seed bags represents fully one million of locusts, so that in one year the island was delivered from 50,000 millions of locusts. I leave to the curious the calculation of what the numbers would have been in the following years had not Said Pasha appeared upon the scene.

Exposed as he thus is to disappointment from drought on the one hand, and to the ruthless ravages of the locust on the other hand, the wonder is, not that the Cyprian peasant is at the lowest ebb of prosperity, but that the island is not one vast desolate waste. And if it is not, we owe it to the

patience under suffering and the almost superstitious submission to a Divine will which are remarkable characteristics of the Cypriote character. During the summer of 1870 a large portion of the peasants lived chiefly upon roots of all kinds, which they dug up in the fields. It was sad to see the long lines of these poor people arriving daily at the market-places with their trinkets and copper household vessels for sale, in order to carry back with them a little flour for their famishing families. And yet there was no bitterness in their heart, no cursing of their sad fate. The exclamation which you heard from the lips of every man during these weary months of hardship was no other than—"O Theos mas lipithee," May God have compassion on us! Never did I feel touched by, and never do I expect to join in, such a refrain of joy as when one morning, about two o'clock, the first blessed drops of rain fell which had been seen during twelve months; and when they increased to a torrential shower, men, women and children, with torches, in the dark of night, repaired to the mouth of the watershed to clear away every impediment which might delay the water in reaching their parched fields. It was a strange and touching sight. There was no drunken reveling, but the child-like gratitude in every heart was at every moment heard in the passionate "*Doxa se O Theos!*" The Lord be praised!

The horseleech which bleeds the peasant is the usurer from whom he is forced to borrow to pay his taxes, while waiting until his crop is matured. These advances cost him almost fabulous prices. Not only does he borrow at an interest of two and sometimes three per cent *per month*, but the lender insists upon being paid in kind, with invariably the following results. If the grain which the peasant delivers measures say, ten kilos, he may be thankful if he is credited for it as nine; and if the market value is ten piastres, the peasant will be exuberant in gratitude if he is accorded nine-and-

a-half. With these deductions the cost of the advance exceeds forty per cent per annum. But this is supposing the most honourable treatment. Unfortunately such treatment is the exception rather than the rule. The peasant keeps no account—signs what he is told, and takes no receipt. A bad year comes, he is ashamed to go near his Shylock; and when the first good year comes, he finds a debt of a few hundred piastres swollen fourfold. In this is the chief misfortune of the peasant, and a circumstance which morally deteriorates him. Unable to struggle with his Shylock, or to do without him, he resorts to all kinds of subterfuges, in the hope of diminishing his misfortunes. Hence the grain mixed with straw and earth which he delivers, the bale of cotton left for twenty-four hours in connection with a jar of water, and numberless other similar artifices. It is to be hoped that means will now be found, in a wise and prudent manner, to put capital at the disposal of the agriculturist, and if this be attained the immediate result will be a great extension in his operations, and an equal amelioration in his well-being.

So far I have only dwelt upon the agricultural wealth of the island, but its mineral wealth in ancient times was also very considerable. Its mines of copper were extensively wrought as late as the time of the Romans, and we read of their having been leased from the Roman Senate by Herod, Tetrarch of Judæa. No mining operations are now carried on in the island, but it is quite possible that scientific surveys may lead to the discovery of important mineral wealth. The principal copper mines were near the ancient Tamassus, about three hours' ride from Idaliium. Scorise may still be found in the vicinity of the convent of St. Heraclidion. I have also some specimens of coal found near the ancient Soli.

No doubt many of my readers are anxious to put the question, "How is England to develop the riches of this new country?" The wise injunction of an eminent statesman, "Learn to be

patient," appears to me excessively apt in the present instance. Mineral wealth is easily tapped, but not so agricultural. It is wisdom then to set to work with geological surveys at the earliest possible moment. I do not pretend to anticipate their conclusions, but there is sufficient ground to justify the expenditure necessary for the best scientific investigations of the island. These will be the guides for future work, and will enable private enterprise to go surely in its undertakings. As early as the end of September competent men should be sent out to visit the localities from which minerals were extracted in ancient times and in which it is known that they still exist. The term, then, of the patience required by the British public in regard to the mineral wealth of Cyprus is not long. What public opinion may now do is to insist upon the employment of the most competent scientific men, for lack of discernment or careless execution may be the seeds of blighted hopes in the future.

But the development of the agricultural resources of the island must necessarily be comparatively slow. We may certainly anticipate a considerable colonisation from Caramania, the coast of Syria, and other parts of Turkey, where fiscal abuses are rife, but I can scarcely counsel the emigration of agricultural labourers from Great Britain, and certainly only under positive engagements contracted with their own countrymen. The extreme heat of summer, during which the principal agricultural operations must be performed, makes it very doubtful whether Englishmen will prove useful farm labourers in Cyprus. I conceive that the part which Englishmen have chiefly to play in the development of the agricultural resources of our new possession is as intelligent farmers, bringing their practical knowledge to guide operations carried out by natives, and possessing a sufficient amount of capital to undertake works upon a considerable scale. On this subject I may repeat the terms of an official report which I made during

my residence in the island, and which I see no cause to change to-day. "The cultivation of grain, cotton, vegetables, and fruits of all sorts is largely profitable where economy and a moderate capital are combined with diligent effort. The climate is not unhealthy, but demands simplicity in diet and temperance in habits. Everywhere to a certain extent, but nowhere more than in the East, success depends upon individual character, and the qualifications most essential for agricultural pursuits in this island are practical knowledge, economy, and temperance. Capital administered with these qualifications would certainly find a handsome return in agricultural enterprise in Cyprus."¹ There are many magnificent properties scattered over the island which in intelligent hands may produce very large profits, and would give ample scope to the enterprise of the individual. The assistance which British capital may also afford to the native cultivators is very evident. When the productions of the island present a greater volume, which they will do in a very few years, Englishmen will establish themselves as merchants in the chief towns of the island, and make advances to farmers upon moderate terms to secure the growing crops. The purchasing power of English capital will also be speedily felt in making property a valuable and easily-realizable security, so that the proprietor of land will find no difficulty in obtaining loans guaranteed by his estates. These two circumstances will alone produce a marvellous amelioration in the condition of the native cultivators, and suffice to increase the quantum of their operations. Much may also be done by the Government in a similar direction. It may be too much to expect that works of irrigation, such as the boring of artesian wells, be done at Government cost; but at least all preliminary expenses, such as surveying and experimental boring, should be undertaken under Govern-

¹ Industrial Report of H. M. Consul, 1870, published in Blue-Book.

ment auspices, and the results freely made public. But in order that this pioneering work of the Government may be well and successfully performed, it ought to be entirely separated from the military organisation which must necessarily be established in the island. Indeed there ought to be an entire separation between what may be called imperial interests, and those that may be called local. We must keep in view that two distinct objects are aimed at by our settlement in Cyprus. One exclusively imperial, which is the establishment of a military depôt; the other the development of the riches of the island as a possession. The expenses incurred in the accomplishment of the first object ought to be covered by special grants, and the carrying out of the operations connected with it, such as barrack accommodation, transport, &c., ought to be exclusively undertaken by and entrusted to the War or Indian Department. But if we would successfully attain the second object, we must have a responsible administration, working side by side with, and yet entirely separate from, the military one just mentioned. An administration charged with the especial duty of the fiscal arrangements of the island, and which, assisted by a council containing a native, or at least a local element of representation, should determine, after reference to the Colonial Office, the nature and amount of taxation, the works of public utility to be undertaken; in a word, an administration which the British nation should hold responsible for the advancement of all Cyprian interests, and the well-being of the garden committed to its care. Only in this way can the British nation properly control the results of the twofold mission which it has undertaken, and avoid the dangers of thoughtless extravagance and inexperienced action. The civil administration would have a distinct object to attain, with clearly defined resources. Its fixed burden would be the annual payment of 130,000*l.* to

the Porte, and from the outset it should be distinctly understood that our new possession should be no burden upon the Imperial Treasury. Unless this is done, the results obtained will lose their value, as examples for the imitation of the surrounding countries; for not only must we show that our Government is enlightened, but also that we are good and wise stewards. It would be folly to make of Cyprus an expensive toy; she must be made a worthy member of the busiest family in the world, honourably paying her own way, and yielding her quota to the general prosperity of the Empire.

Nor need we fear the burden of 130,000*l.* which we have engaged to pay to the Porte. The possession is cheap at that price, and if we make that burden, with the cost of administration, the basis of taxation, in a few years the people of Cyprus will be the most favoured nation in the world. The cost of administration will not be great. There is no need of many functionaries—the necessity is that they be experienced administrators and practical men. A civil Governor and a financial agent were all the superior functionaries which the Porte found necessary for the administration of the island, and it was abundantly sufficient where there was a will and a capacity for work. We shall also greatly err if we do not use to the utmost possible extent native functionaries in the administration. Plenty of perfectly capable men for subordinate offices can be found in the island, and under a strict control they will do their work conscientiously. "Like master, like servant." When peculation and corruption are punished with dismissal and disgrace, they will soon disappear, and it is amazing how rapidly the moral purity of the source purifies the stream. But there must be no false economy in refusing to give *employés* the comfortable means of subsistence. This error is at the base of all the corruption in Turkey, and until it is rectified there is no hope

of honesty in the administration. In increasing the salaries of *employés* we do not necessarily increase the cost of administration. My own experience, based on a considerable administration, has been that the cost of administration generally diminishes with the increase of pay. Fewer, but better paid *employés*, is the principle which requires to be put in practice in Turkey.

Had the limits of this article permitted, I would gladly have made some remarks upon the taxes which were levied in Cyprus under the Turkish Government, and the manner of their collection, but the subject is too large to compress into a few lines, and must be reserved for a future occasion.

In concluding my present remarks, I think it well to recommend caution to all who propose to embark in enterprises connected with Cyprus. The crowd of people whom we hear of as going from Malta, Syria, and Egypt are simply speculating upon the demands created by the arrival of 10,000 British troops and the generally profuse expenditure which is associated in the East with the British nation. In one of the many articles which have lately appeared in the public

papers merchants were recommended to consult people in Egypt and Syria as to the kind of goods which the natives of Cyprus would buy, so that the shipments might prove suitable. But it must not be forgotten that the native population of Cyprus has not yet increased, and that a considerable time must elapse before any material increase can take place. It will be quite time enough when fuller information reaches us to embark capital in shipments of goods for the people of Cyprus. There is much new work to be done; but if it is to be done well, it must not be done precipitately. I should say that the only works to be undertaken at once are sanitary works and barrack accommodation. These ought not to be delayed a day, for the lives of our soldiers and civilians depend upon them. Nor ought any time to be lost in getting a thorough geological survey of the island—especially in reference to minerals and water—because such a survey will be the guide-book to the British capitalist in his future movements. This done, and done both thoroughly and quickly, we may afford to wait for fuller light to direct our further decisions.

R. HAMILTON LANG.